REGISTERED No. M. 2872

PRICE 6 PIES

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION
INLAND:

	Local	Mofussil
PER ANNUM	Rs. 2-0	Rs. 2-8
PER HALF YEAR	Rs. 1-4	Rs. 1-6

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION
FOREIGN:

PER YEAR	Rs. 3-8
PER HALF YEAR	Rs. 2-0

The Sunday Observer

VOL. I — MADRAS, SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 1933 — NO. 6

A PLEA FOR JUSTICE

COMMUNAL REPRESENTATION

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE LAW MEMBER

To the Hon. Diwan Bahadur Sir M. Krishnan Nair, Law Member, Government of Madras

Esteemed Sir,—It is with feelings of considerable hesitation and delicacy that I venture to pen this open letter to you. I do not want to give any apology nor do I want any justification for my procedure. My only object in writing this letter is to bring home to the public, and incidentally to you, if that were possible—that one important aspect of the great movement founded by your illustrious countryman, Dr. T. M. Nair of revered memory, a movement which was proud of having you as a member, and for sometime as a Deputy Leader—has been completely ignored or forgotten by you in the midst of your official duties.

It may be that when once you have been appointed Law Member, you had to forget party and give up principles, but I may be permitted to point out that the principle of communal representation is one that has been accepted by the Government, in principle and in practice. Therefore, I do not think anybody could have blamed you if, in the exercise of your patronage, you had been condescending enough as to recognise the claims of other communities than your own, and be generous enough to give them some chance. I do not ask for favour, but for fairplay for the Non-Brahmin communities. However appreciable your principle of eschewing political considerations in your appointments of Public Prosecutors and Government Pleaders in the mofussil districts, your complete disregard of the healthy and beneficial principle of communal representation is one that cannot be contemplated with equanimity or allowed to be perpetrated with impunity.

The series of appointments you have made after you assumed the reins of Law Membership goes to show that you are not aware of the existence of numerous communities in Madras presidency. I may be pardoned if I point out that there are some communities going by the names of Chettiars, Pillais, Naidus, Mudaliars, Gounders etc., who are as much entitled to appointments in public services as Iyers Iyengars, Raos, Menons, Nairs and Pannikkars. How then is it that the eye of the Law Member has not caught the existence of one or more of these communities? Has old age blinded the vision, or has sub-communalism obscured the perspective?

Even now I cannot bring myself to believe that the sturdy and independent champion of the Non-Brahmin cause, who boldly criticised Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer for his jobbery and nepotism and put forth the most eloquent and reasonable plea for equal opportunity to all communities, is the same person as the one who now occupies the Treasury Bench. I am inclined to think that Diwan Bahadur M. Krishnan Nair, the Deputy Leader of the Justice Party, the follower of Dr. T.M. Nair, the right-hand man of the Rajah of Panagal, the ablest advocate of an ablest cause, the man on whom the entire Non-Brahmin community depended for the breaking up of the monopoly of the judicial services—is no more. The gentleman whom we now see as Sir M. Krishnan Nair is quite a different person, and therefore it is idle to entertain expectations which may not be fulfilled, which have not been fulfilled in the past and which are not likely to be fulfilled in the future.

But I am not pessimistic. There is yet one more year, and in that much can be done. I therefore appeal to you, sir, in the name of justice and fairplay, in the name of Dr Nair and Rajah of Panagal, in the name of the Government of which you are a limb, to cast your eyes inwards, to search your conscience and ask yourself the question whether you have faithfully discharged the trust reposed in you by the late Rajah Saheb of Panagal, whether you have conscientiously fulfilled what was expected of you when the Justice Party presented the ultimatum of boycott of the Simon Commission, if the Government did not appoint you as Law Member. If you get a negative answer from the inner voice, which you are sure to get, will you at least, during this prolonged and protracted period of one year, show some consideration—even a little will do—for the other communities?

Hoping that this appeal for justice will fall on ears which are in sound order,

I beg leave to remain,
Esteemed Sir,
Your Most Obedient Servant,
"Observer"

EXTENSION OF TERM

A CRITICISM

To the Editor, "The Sunday Observer"

It is with some amount of pain that I read the news that the term of the Law Member has been extended by one long year. The one redeeming feature of the administration of Sir M. Krishnan Nair was that it was coming to a close. But even that redeeming feature is now gone. The exigencies of the present circumstances have made the Nair Knight extremely lucky. But for the fact that the term of the Home Member was extended, the Diwan Bahadur from Malabar could never have been made to continue his inglorious regime. One year is too long a time to bear an incubus.

At the time the Hon. Sir M. Krishnan Nair was appointed Law Member the entire Non-Brahmin community heaved a sigh of relief and thought that a new dawn had arisen in the province. But they never bargained that they will have a worse regime than that of Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyer. At least in his regime there was some chance for Non-Brahmins, but here there is none. The Hon. Sir M. Krishnan Nair seems to think that there are only two communities in the province—Brahmins and Malayalis. Monopoly of a worse and more dangerous character has been created and sought to be perpetuated. And this by the ex-Deputy Leader of the Justice Party!

Does Sir Krishnan Nair know that he owes his position to the Rajah of Panagal and the Justice Party? Or is he living in the fool's paradise that he got it solely on account of his merit? But for the Justice Party he would still be enjoying the period of his retirement from the Dewanship.

The greatest condemnation of the Nair regime is the question: How many Malayalees have been appointed by Sir Nair since he became the Law Member, how many Brahmins? And the number of other Non Brahmins, if any?

Ingratitude is the basest of all bad qualities, and the successor of Sir C. P. seems to possess this in abundance. Sir C. P. is an angel to Non-Brahmins as compared with this betrayor of the Non-Brahmin Movement. King Log was much better than this King Stork.

Madras
March 20, 1933 } Disgusted.

VOTE OF CONFIDENCE IN MR. RAMADAS PANTULU

(Continued from page 12 col. 4)

taken. There seems to be no need for such a resolution at this stage. But it must not be understood that I am not supporting what Mr. T. A. Ramalingam Chettiar said, and I am second to none in appreciating the services of Mr. Ramadas. I seconded the proposition for his election as President in November last.

Mr. K. Bhashyam Iyengar, in further supporting the proposition, stated that, as a member of the Executive Committee, he would say that every one of the allegations was false. He added that the acts imputed to Mr. Ramadas were not done by him individually as President, and that the articles must be deemed to be an attack on the Executive Committee itself.

Rao Sahib V. Krishna Menon (Malabar), in further supporting the motion, stated that many words were not needed from him and that, as a past member of the Executive Committee, associated with Mr. Ramadas for the last six years, he could confidently say that every one of the allegations was baseless and that the Board has confidence in the President.

Mr. M. M. Krishnaswami Pillai (Trichinopoly) said that he associated himself with all that Mr. Ramalingam Chettiar and Mr. Pannirselvam said about Mr. Ramadas and that he had no hesitation in saying that the Board had full confidence in Mr. Ramadas and appreciated his valuable services.

Motion carried unanimously

Messrs. E. S. Sunda (Madura), Kala Venkatrao (Amalapuram), Rao Saheb W. V. B. Ramalingam Pantulu (Berhampore) and K. Narasimha Iyengar (Madras) further supported the motion of confidence in Mr. Ramadas and stated that the allegations of the "Sunday Chronicle" were baseless and did not deserve being taken notice of. All of them expressed their confidence in the President and spoke in appreciation of his services.

The Vice-President, Mr. K. Bhashyam Iyengar, who occupied the chair, put the proposition to vote, and it was carried unanimously.

The President, Mr. V. Ramadas Pantulu, thanked Mr. Ramaligam Chettiar and Mr. Pannirselvam, the mover and seconder of the motion and also the supporters of the motion and other members of the Board for their vote of confidence, and for the kind words they said of him and of his humble services to the Bank and the Movement.

PLEASE GO TO

Kesavaram & Co.,

PIECE-GOODS MERCHANTS

1-287, Esplanade Row, Madras

Opposite to Corporation New Fruit Stall

STOCKISTS OF

Narayanavanam, Kalladakurichi, Manamedu, Bleached and unbleached Dhoties—Ahmadabad Mills Dhoties, Towels and Bed Sheets, Madura, Poona, Pullampet and Ahmadabad Saries etc., and other Swadeshi piece goods.

SILKS:—
Shirtings.
Coatings.
Paris.
Creepe.
Spun.
Fuji.
Saries.

COTTON:—
Palm Beaches.
Tussurs.

READY-MADE:—
Shirts.
Coats.
Mosquitoe Curtains.
Advocate Bands.
„ Gowns.
Children's Frocks.
„ Suits.
Mattie Banians.
Travelling requisites.
Hammacks.
Holldals.
Suit Cases.

The Management has a long experience in the line and that itself is your GUARANTEE.

TAILORING & OUTFITTING A SPECIALITY

Telegraphic Address:—"SUITINGS," MADRAS.

HEARTY MEALS IN HOSPITAL

NO MORE OPERATION FEARS

When chloroform and ether came into use some ninety years ago as anaesthetics during surgical operations, they were hailed as two of the greatest boons ever conferred upon suffering humanity. The fact that ether could produce complete unconsciousness and freedom from pain was discovered by Faraday in 1818, but for nearly thirty years no practical use was made of it, for no safe means of administering it could be found.

Now comes the news of an entirely fresh method of administering anaesthetics which will abolish most of the terrors of operations.

When ether or chloroform is used the patient knows nothing and feels nothing whilst he is under the knife. His worst experience is the period of waiting, whilst fully conscious and with every nerve on edge, to be taken to the operating theatre. Then comes that trying moment when the mask is placed over his face, followed by the fight for breath just before he sinks into unconsciousness. And when he is recovering from the anaesthetic there are sickness, coughing, and a dreadful taste that may remain for days in the mouth.

All of these unpleasant experiences are now things of the past. Under the new system the patient on waking in the morning is given an injection by means of a hypodermic syringe. Within a quarter of an hour all his fears are allayed and he feels simply peaceful and drowsy.

Another prick from the syringe follows. Two or three minutes later the patient is so sound asleep that he can be moved without knowing anything about it. When he wakes up some four or five hours later he has completely forgotten what has happened. The operation has taken place, but as often as not he asks when it is to begin.

AFTER-EFFECTS

Deep in slumber, the patient is conveyed from his bed to the operating theatre. There, by the administration of dental gas, he is kept unconscious and feeling no pain. It used to be impossible to use gas as an anaesthetic for more than a few seconds, but a new method has been found of giving not gas alone, but gas and oxygen at the same time, which enables unconsciousness to be prolonged during the biggest operation. There are none of the dread after-effects of chloroform or ether. In a recent lecture in connection with King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, Mr. Cecil Rowntree, the famous surgeon, described the case of a man whose leg was amputated at a quarter past nine in the morning under the new anaesthetic. Three hours later he was sitting up in bed enjoying a meal!

Another great advantage of the system is that the surgeon can work much more calmly, for he is spared the anxiety of worrying about how his patient is standing the anaesthetic. With chloroform or ether this is often a serious matter, but with dental gas and oxygen, properly administered, such complications do not arise. Further there is much less shock to the patient and his recovery is far more speedy. Cases are now discharged from hospital after twenty days, where thirty used to be the minimum.

It is strange that in making use of dental gas or "laughing gas" in this way, medical science is returning to the oldest anaesthetic known. As long ago as 1800 Sir Humphry Davy discovered its properties and recommended it for use in operations.

"Wasn't you awfully surprised when you heard about it?"

DEAFNESS CURE

BY AYURVEDIC DOCTOR

T. DORASAWMY

This cures also humming noise and pain in the ears. **Price Re. 1.** This can be had from M. Toprani, General Merchant, Station Road, Secunderabad, Deccan.

Use Always for Ringworm Diseases

A. S. G. SAM'S

RINGWORM SPECIFIC.

Rapid effect and a Radical Cure.

Skin affections known as Ringworm found in parts of the body, especially the waist, the inner thigh near the private parts leaving ugly marks, and itching and burning are the work of germs, which even bring on leprosy and Leucoderma. They should be cured with this **Solution and Ointment**. It kills all germs completely, heals the ruptured skin smoothens it and restores its original healthy appearance.

Ointment As. 8. Solution As. 6.

Apply to :—

Messrs. NEELA & CO.,
Royapetta, MADRAS.

WANTED AGENTS

"HUMAN PIN-CUSHION"

A very interesting and peculiar story of tactile and muscular insensibility is published in Scientific American:

A human pin-cushion, a New York resident who feels no pain when sharp pins, needles or instruments are thrust into his body, provides medicine's latest enigma.

He is a theatre ticket-taker, musician, ex-vaudeville artist, and chauffeur, who has been studied by Dr. George Van Ness Dearborn, psychiatrist and psychologist at the United States Veterans Hospital in the Bronx. His identity has been withheld by Dr. Dearborn because of professional ethics.

Dr. Dearborn admits that he is unable to understand the unusual circumstances that cause this man to be free from pain. The patient does not remember ever feeling any pain except headache, though he has a good memory. He does remember that his parents and physicians complimented him on his "grit" on various occasions of boyhood accidents, such as breaking his leg and shooting himself and, at another time, burning a finger. But he claims he felt no pain to cry over. For a year-and-a-half he made use of his peculiar faculty in a vaudeville act in which he allowed some man in the audience to come up on the stage and push pins into him. As many as 50 or 60 would be stuck into him as far as their heads at one performance.

Careful psychological and neurological examinations failed to give any scientific explanation for this unusual lack of sensation of pain. The patient himself explains it by saying he concentrates on something else. However this does not satisfy Dr. Dearborn, who says that the man shows no one of the physical signs of attention concentration.

Dr. Dearborn suggests that it is due to a complicated structural defect, present at birth, in the central cerebral pain-mechanism. It is not due to hysteria or similar nervous condition, Dr. Dearborn and other neurologists are convinced, and Freudism cannot explain it. More definite explanation cannot be made until after the man's death, when his brain and nerve cells can be examined. Meanwhile, Dr. Dearborn has asked fellow-physicians if they can suggest any explanation for this unsual condition or if they have studied any similar cases.

The young actor who had joined a small show on a profit-sharing basis was indignantly relating his experiences to an envious friend.

"Could you believe it!" said the one with the grouse. "When I opened my pay envelope at the end of the first week, there was thirty bob in it."

"Go on!" said the friend. "What was the the extra quid for?"

WANTED AGENTS

For the Sale of The Sunday Observer, in each and every District.

APPLY TO:

The Manager,
39, Chinnathambi Street,
G. T. MADRAS.

MADRAS BROADCASTING PROGRAMME

The programmes printed below, through the courtesy of the Madras Corporation, can be received by any one possessing a receiving set in his residence with the necessary licence. On Week Days: From 5-30 to 7 p.m. On Sundays and Holidays From 6-30 p.m. to 7-30 p.m.

Call Sign: V. U. M. Wavelength: 390 Metres.

27—3—33 Gramophone Records European Music (Vocal).

28—3—33 Mr. R. Rathnam, South Indian Music (Vocal).

29—3—33 Mr. M. A. Abdul Hussein Sahib. Hindustani Music (Vocal).

30—3—33 Mr. Ramakrishna Hazary. South Indian Music (Vocal).

31—3—33 Lady Students—"Teachers' Training College of Music"—Madras Music Academy South Indian Music (Vocal).

TRAIN SERVICES

MADRAS CENTRAL

	Dep.	Arr.
Calcutta Mail	8 30 p. m.	8 15 a. m
Grand Trunk Express	7 45 a. m.	7 0 p. m.
Waltair Passenger	7 55 a. m.	7 50 a. m.
Do Passenger	7 30 p. m.	6 0 p. m.
Bombay Mail	8 40 p. m.	5 55 a. m.
Do Express	8 30 a. m.	5 10 p. m.
Raichur Passenger	9 20 a. m.	3 45 p. m.
Kavali Passenger	12 35 p. m.	2 45 p. m.
Renigunta Do	——	9 45 a. m.
Do Do	——	9 22 p. m.
Bangalore Mail	9 30 p. m.	6 15 a. m.
Do Express	1 0 p. m.	2 10 p. m.
Do Passenger	6 15 a. m.	7 40 p. m.
Do Passenger	9 40 p. m.	5 30 a. m.
Jalarpet Passenger	12 45 p. m.	2 0 p. m.
Katpadi Do	5 30 p. m.	
Arkonam Do	6 30 p. m.	
S. I. R. South West Mail	8 5 p. m.	7 15 a. m.
S. I. R Blue Mountain Express	9 15 p. m.	6 35 a. m
Ponneri Local	6 15 p. m.	8 50 a. m. Beach.
Gummidipundi Local	2 35 p. m.	10 40 a. m.

MADRAS (EGMORE)

	Dep.	arr.
Shencotta Passenger	6 50 a. m.	7 50 p. m.
Dhanushkodi Express	11 15 a. m.	2 55 p. m.
Conjeevaram Passenger	6 1 p. m.	9 29 a. m
Trivandram Express	7 30 p. m.	7 35 a. m.
Indo-Ceylon Mail	9 0 p. m.	6 40 a. m.
Trivandram Fast Passenger	9 30 p. m.	6 5 a. m.
Trichy Parcel Passenger	10 40 p. m	5 35 a. m.

EXPRESS TRAIN REPAIRED WITH A BEER CORK

After a breakdown lasting 65 minutes the Lancastrian, the fastest train from London to Manchester, was repaired last night with a beer-bottle cork.

The mile-a-minute flyer had completed more than two-thirds of the journey in scheduled time when, outside Rugeley, a fault occurred in the vacuum-brake system.

Puzzled passengers, including a bishop's wife, watched the engine driver and fireman, search the whole length of the train for the fault.

Local trains were held up while the search dragged on. At last the hole in the vacuum pipe was found and plugged with a cork.

With a snort like the opening of a thousand bottles, the train restarted, and the journey was completed without further delay. In fact, the train with a bung in its lungs actually gained three minutes during the last sixty miles!

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER

ADVERTISEMENT TARIFF

CASUAL

Special Short Classified Advertisements.—"Wanted," "To Let," "Notice," and "For Sale," Advertisements, when not strictly appertaining to any regular business, not exceeding one inch single column Re. 1 per insertion; every additional inch or part thereof Annas 8.

Railways, Shipping, Government, Military, Court, Legal, Municipal, District and Taluk Boards and other notifications of Public and Corporate Bodies—Eight Annas per inch single column per insertion. Displayed Advertisements Rs. 2 per inch, single column per insertion.

Cinema, Theatrical, Concert and other Entertainments.—Re. 1 per inch, single column per insertion.

Company Prospectuses.—Full page Rs. 100, half page Rs. 55, and quarter page Rs. 30 per insertion.

Notices and Reports of Company Meetings—Re. 1 per inch, single column per insertion.

Domestic Occurrences.—Births, Deaths, Marriages, In Memorium, etc., etc., Re. 1 per insertion. No verses or quotations permissible.

Election Manifestoes.—Rs. 2 per inch, single column per insertion.

CONTRACT RATES ON APPLICATION.

Apply to the Manager.

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER

Copies can be had from our agents at the following Stations.

Messrs. Higginbothams Bookstalls at the Railway Stations at

Arkonam	Mayavaram
Bangalore City	Mettupalaiyam
Bellary	Mysore
Bezwada	Negapatam
Bowringpet	Ootacamund
Calicut	Palghat
Cannanore	Podanur
Egmore	Raichur
Ernakulam	Rajahmundry
Erode	Salem Junction
Guntakal	Shoranur
Jalarpet	Tanjore
Katpadi	Trichinopoly Junction
Madras Central	Trivandrum Central
Madras Harbour	Tinnevelly Junction
Madura	Villupuram
Mangalore	

OTHER AGENTS

Mr. S. Seshachala Sarma, Bheemavaram, W. Godavari.

Mr. P. B. Mahabeer Singh, Salem.

Messrs. Avatar and Co., Innespeta, Rajahmundry.
Do. (Branch) Main Road, Vizagapatam.

Mr. P. R. Bhat Bros, Bank Road, Calicut.

Mr. Venkata Rao and Sons, Cocanada.

Messrs. Redison and Co., B. Commercial Street Corner, Bangalore, Cantonment.

Mr. Goparaju Purniah, Guntur.

Mr. S. V. Iyer, Trichur.

Mr. S. Masilamani Pillai, Teppakulam, Trichinopoly.

Mr. Shanmukam Mudaliar, Bazzar Road, Saidapet.

A sailor had fallen in love with his friend's sweetheart, and one day, as he was sitting composing a letter to the girl in question, he was seen to be sucking his pencil thoughtfully. Presently he addressed his friend as follows: "Hey, Bill, pull up your sleeve a minute till I see if I've spelt 'Gertrude' correctly."

FILMS IN THE RAW

HOWTHE STORY IS SHAPED AND RE-SHAPED BEFORE THE CAMERAS SHOOT

The decision to film any story rests with the executive heads of a studio advised by their literary staff. Most studios employ a large number of men and women reading novels, seeing plays (in every country), studying Press reports on every kind of literature, examining original manuscripts submitted to them from outside, and even writing new stories, especially when a special type is required for the use of a particular star, writes a correspondent in" Answers"

It is not only fiction that has to be covered. Life histories of famous personages recently dead, or even still alive, are used as the basis of many films. The career of the Swedish match king, Kreuger, has inspired a picture just completed in Hollywood. The true story of a man who escaped from the convict chain-gangs in Georgia is another subject recently chosen.

Most subjects for filming are first reduced to the form of a synopsis, about 5,000 words long and following the general lay-out of the original material. The bare bones of the plot must be dug out, for no subject can be filmed exactly as it is written.

A play is usually in three scenes, and much of the action is explained in dialouge. A novel, if filmed as it stood, would give picture taking about a week to unspool in the cinema. Every subject, then must be refashioned to fit into a film which will only take about eighty minutes to show.

The next stage is to convert the synopsis into a treatment by re-writing it in the form of two or three hundred little scenes, each of which dove-tails neatly into the one before, and carries the audience effortlessly from one situation to the next. The invisible, unifying cord that runs through all the scenes is known as continuity.

In some studios a staff of experts is kept to watch, re-design, and patch the continuity, but now, for the most part this is part of the treatment-writers job.

Generally speaking, no film executives are satisfied with the first treatment. The box-office appeal must beconsidered first and foremost, for films are made principally to earn money.

The Question Of Finance

When it is thought the right popular ingredients have been injected—and this may involve radical departures from the original, both as to theme and detail—other considerations arise. It has probably been decided already who will be the principal players, and their idiosyncrasies and peculiarities must be carefully studied while the screen play is being put into shape.

Next comes the question of finance. It often does not appear until the story has been "treated" and turned upside-down and inside-out how great are its possibilities. It may suddenly be found that here is a subject demanding a vast canvas and rich treatment.

It will be up to the executives to decide whether the subject can result in a film that will book to 5,000 or even 10,000 of the world's 20,000 cinemas. Alternatively, it may seem to have only small, though useful, possibilities, and the film is budgeted for accordingly.

Writing the Scenario.

When the treatment has been finally decided—and what back-breaking work is involved for the studio "writers" in the process!—the much-considered, altered, and reconstructed story is turned over to the scenarist.

Sometimes the treatment men also make the scenario or script. This is a more technical document, and is prepared in close contact with the film director who is going to "direct" the players in the actual work of "shooting."

The scenario includes all the technical terms in daily use in a studio, the fade-outs and the dissolves, the track (or moving) shots, the process (or trick) photography. It should also indicate exactly to the picture cameramen and the sound recording staff, to the architects of the settings, and to the floor staff and the artists exactly what is going to be done.

When the scenario is finished, and not before, the director starts work on the studio floor.

LIFE LONG FRIEND

A GOOD EDUCATION

Am I starving my mind?

That is a question every intelligent being should consider at frequent intervals. We feed the body at regular intervals every day. When do we feed the mind? And how? With what food?

"I fed my mind in my schooldays. And I had quite enough of learning then." So answers the fool, writes Helena Normanton in" Answers."

"I had no proper schooldays," another will say. "In my young days the subjects were few and the outlook narrow. The three R's, a bit of history, a touch of geography, and some Scripture. Then off to the mine or mill as a half-timer—or the day after I become fourteen. So much for my education. It's too late now to make up for what I missed then." That is what the pessimist declares.

True, a meagre education is often a person's misfortune. That it remains so in these days is worse than that—it is a fault.

We do not live on the isolated isle of St. Kilda, or in the far Antarctic, but in the midst of a throbbing, helpful civilisation. We have only to put out our hands to find all that we want for our education. Into the loneliest village there comes the postman, even if there be no bookseller or stationer.

Pace to Suit Everyone.

A little self-denial, a few pence saved here and there, and the rich reward will be the purchase of the magnificent "New Popular Educator," published by the Amalgamated Press. There is no excuse now for lack of education. It is here, awaiting all.

The "New Popular Educator"—a *Self* Educator in the best sense of the word is its medium. A silent tutor, who tells us in the ideal way by means of the printed page, just what we all need, to add to our own store of learning. The ideal way, because the printed word suits the mental pace of all, never too quick for the sober learner, never too slow for the dashingly brilliant.

Quietly, with a number of the "New Popular Educator" in his hand, the young shop assistant, the mechanic, the engineer, the commercial traveller, or the budding writer can studiously absorb the very things he needs to know next. And what method goes deeper or gives more lasting results than the sovereign method of all—self-tuition? And what method can be more fascinating?

Opening New Vistas

If the scholar who has had the advantage of long terms at an ancient and Historic University is honest with himself, to what confession is he driven at last? In spite of all professors, tutors, and carefully planned courses, he knows most lastingly and best precisely what he delved for hardest, into the stiffest seams of learning, by himself. The intellectual difficulty one masters for oneself seems to scoop a positive channel in the mind, along which the current will easily run for the remainder of a life-time. But that which is taught with an airy facility is often forgotten before the succeeding day.

What we work hard for we value. The education each one of us can give to ourselves we know and prize. It is our own for evermore.

That doesn't mean that self-education is a dull or a desperately difficult business. It does occupy time which could otherwise be spent at the pictures or at the theatre or lounging at the street corner, but it gives far more than it demands. It opens new vistas of knowledge to us; and the thrill of knowledge securely mastered is one of the greatest in the world.

Also, as time goes on, we find that life has grown fuller, richer. No longer are we just aimlessly "pottering round" or "killing time." we have a purpose—and life itself has more meaning because of that purpose.

There is the practical side, too. In these days when unemployment is rife, and there are far more candidates for jobs than there are places to fill, the man or woman who is well educated and "knowledgeable" has a big advantage. and self-taught person has often a pull over the product of schools and Universities, because he has a more flexible mind, better used to grappling with difficulties.

That is why I am a convinced believer in the value of self-educators. Not for one moment do I depreciate the importance of all that the fortunate can, and often do, obtain from costly courses in venerable halls of learning. But one also remembers how all this accumulated wisdom of the ages has often been mere waste, when lightly shaken off by the idle and unwilling, sent there, not because their own individual love of learning was deep, but because some parental purse was long.

Self-Taught Genius.

The self-taught man or woman has often grown into the chosen leader of an epoch. Think of Mussolini—the blacksmith's son. Call to mind Ramsay Mac Donald poring over his frugal lunches in the Guildhall Library and laying there the mental foundations for the Premiership. Think of Margaret Bondfield. Think of Florence Nightingale, cut off from all learning other than what she sought out for herself as completely by riches and the conventions of the Society of her day as Robert Burns was by poverty in his.

Meditate upon the noble Dr. Johnson. a poor, shabby bursar without a second pair of boots to his feet (and the first pair old at that;), who studied far, far into the nights. Spinoza, Palissy. Abraham Lincoln, Aristide Briand—where would all these self-taught geniuses have been without the divine urge to improve themselves?

My own workaday life is passed among the Four Inns of Court. In one of them, Lincoln's Inn, one enters by a massive gateway from Chancery Lane. Legend tells that its brick laying was done partly by the very hands of Ben Jonson, the Elizabethan playwright.

"Bone From the Neck Up."

As a young man he was plying his tools there and at the same time endeavouring to read Horace in the original Latin. A bencher of the Inn noticed this, and was so taken with it that he sent young Ben to the University at his own expense. So later on Ben Jonson laid his own name deep among the foundations of English Drama. It is a story that is fragrant still to-day.

I would implore young people leaving or having just left school not to imagine for one moment that their education has concluded. To cease to learn is to begin to die. To die that dreadful mental death which makes so many people, adult physically, remain mentally infantile—or, as the Americans put it "bone from the neck up."

Don't be "bone from the neck up." Be growing, striving, developing, outflowing, radiant personalities. Increase your mental stature daily-work through two or three subjects concurrently from the "New Popular Educator," and then return to its beginning and make your way perseveringly forward through another group.

Know something. Be someone. Build up your mentality and personality on the mighty foundations of the past, and of self-acquired knowledge in the vivid present, so that your maturity shall be a wonderful storehouse of acquired knowledge and of fitness for power. What a treasure-trove of true happiness lies before all who care to acquire it in this way!

Artist: "You are the first of my models I have ever kissed."

Model: "And how many other models have you had?"

"Four. An apple, two bananas, and a melon."

VISIT

The Most Delightful Resort!

Bonheur's Restaurant

Poonamallee High Road, Madras

A Triumph of Comfort & Hospitality

The oldest & Most up-to-date in the Metropolis

OPEN-AIR—GARDEN-COURT!!

EXCELLENT MUSIC EVERY SATURDAY EVENING

Open from 7 a. m. to 11 p. m.

WORRIED INTO 'FLU

DON'T PANIC— TAKE SIMPLE PRECAUTIONS

As regularly as winter itself comes the dreaded influenza epidemic, sweeping over the country and bringing disorganisation and chaos everywhere.

We have had in the past a special Russian variety of 'flu, and one from Spain—the latter in 1918, causing more deaths and disablement throughout the world than the Great War!

Each year brings a slightly different 'flu, and doctors this time are finding that for a patient to have it once is no guarantee that he or she will not fall a victim a second time.

All medical men are of the opinion, however, that the 'flu claims most victims through their fear of catching it! Worrying lowers the powers of resistance, and makes it easy for 'flu germs to get to work.

Doctors Are Puzzled

Scientists and the greatest medical men in the world are trying their utmost to discover some sure way of keeping 'flu at bay, but they cannot yet identify the bacillus that causes it. That is why doctors are often puzzled at the different ways in which persons may suffer from the disease.

Its preliminary symptoms are known to most people, unfortunately. It starts with an attack of fever, shivering, headache and aching pains in the body. Then it usually develops into one of three distinct types.

In one type there is a dry cough, and difficulty in breathing. It is this form which so often turns to pneumonia when it is hoped the patient is recovering. In older people this form is very dangerous.

Another form is a 'nervous" influenza, with headache and backache particularly severe. The patient suffers badly from sleeplessness, and the heart is irregular in its action. Convalescence brings with it depression, and the patient requires a thorough change.

Eat Well

The rarest type of influenza is that which affects chiefly the digestive system. It may then leave a weakness of the digestive organs lasting for months, with acute pains that are sometimes suspected as being appendicitis.

Any person attacked by a severe cold should go to bed for at least twenty-four hours. If it is only a cold, it will be much better after a day spent quietly in the warmth. If it is 'flu developing, it will be far milder in its onslaught for having been countered in time.

Eat as well as you possibly can. Do not hurry meals and do not stint them. You can help yourselves a good deal by selecting foods which will increase your resistance—plenty of milk, for instance.

Carry about with you some simple form of protection against infection—such as the impregnated tissue handkerchief presented with each copy of this week's number of Pearson's Weekly. Keep it in your pocket or handbag and inhale the germicide from time to time.

Above all, do not worry that you will catch the 'flu.

Quaite!

They were touring the Continent and the guide was doing his utmost to make the tour as interesting as possible.

He approached a member of the party one morning.

"Well, madam," he said, "would you like to see where the Rhine falls?"

"No, I certainly would not,' snapped the woman. "I came out here to see the sunshine!"

• • • •

A hatter in a certain town put up this advertisement:

"Our felt hats fit so well that they are not felt."

Whereupon his neighbour, a carpet merchant, took the hint and advertised as follows:

"Our carpets are sold by the yard, but do not wear by the feet."

A CLOSE-UP OF NEW OXFORD

YOUNG MEN WHO SHOOK UP ENGLAND

UNION DEBATE ON PACIFIST MOTION

In the ancient University of Oxford there are to-day about 3,000 undergraduates and undergraduettes. Of these fewer than 450 spent a Thursday evening recently discussing at the Union Society a declaration that "This House will in no circumstances fight for its King and Country." Two hundred and seventy-five undergraduates supported this motion and 153 opposed it.

It was an evening of rare interest, and it is said that besides the young gentlemen who succeeded in speaking there were at least 50 who wished to air their views.

It is an historic fact of value that the Oxford Communists, who are quite a strong and flourishing body, were not in the Union that night at all, but were holding a meeting of their own listening to Mr. Wal Hannington.

Since this provocative motion was carried all sorts of things have happened.

Somebody has despatched 275 white feathers to the President of the Union, and an assortment of retired Army colonels have called for the demolition of Oxford University.

Forty undergraduates have raided the Union Society's hall and torn the record of the famous "We won't fight" motion from the minute book. And dons of variable ages are receiving furious letters from old pupils and friends asking what on earth has happened to a hitherto comparatively respectable place.

It might be thought that something akin to Test Match hysteria had been whipped up by this debate, and that the vapourings of some 400 young men were hardly worth the attentions of the public. It might be urged that there could be nothing very alarming about such a debate, even though it was framed and conceived in as provocative a manner as possible, writes a special correspondent of "John Bull."

CLEVER MOVE

The provocative wording was carefully designed by the President of the Union, Mr. Hardie, a brilliant young Labour politician, to ensure a lively debate, and also lively publicity. A clever move, and he certainly succeeded.

Incidentally, Mr. Hardie's defenders in Oxford point out that too much emphasis has been placed upon the phrase, "King and Country." The phrase was selected to typify un-understanding patriotism—the patriotism denounced by Nurse Cavell in her message, "Patriotism is not enough."

Unfortunately, this Union debate is not an isolated example of what has been happening at Oxford for the last ten years.

It does not merely mean that there are 275 fanatical pacifis members of the Union and of the University. It does not mean that the Union has been temporarily captured by well-meaning but immature Internationalists, or that the swing of the pendulum in University opinion is for the moment well towards the Left.

Oxford is much more than a mere University. Its prestige, its traditions, its organisation, its facilities, and, above all, its world appeal, place it in a different category from that of most of its rivals and associates.

Oxford mirrors not only England and her youth, but also the youth of the Dominions and the United States. You find there not only the cream of the public schools, the brilliance of the schools of the North, but also the picked youth of South Africa and Australia.

The result is that in the University to-day you find undoubted and unmistakable pointers to the thought of the world of to-morrow.

Oxford cannot be ignored, nor idly dismissed, nor contemptuously frowned upon. Except for a small traditionally Conservative minority—and this remark applies to both the senior and junior members of the University—the Union's resolution is looked upon as a very natural and obvious motion—in fact, one Fellow of Balliol described it to me as the most intelligent thing the Union has done since the war.

When one casts one's mind back to pre-war Oxford, with its sturdy, robust Tory tradition, with its immovable Senior Common Rooms, where the Liberal was an eccentric divergence from type, and the rarer Socialist was regarded as a mentally deficient, it is impossible not to wonder at the causes which have produced such a change.

WHAT'S WRONG?

Is there anything wrong with Oxford, and, if there is, what is it?

The evidence of the older residents of Oxford town is unanimous to the effect that the University is a very different and very inferior place to what it used to be.

For one thing, the majority of the undergraduates are considerably poorer than their pre-war predecessors. There are still wealthy men at Oxford, but the average allowance and the average income are very much smaller than they used to be.

The majority of the undergraduates to-day are in receipt of scholarships or exhibitions, or some other form of subsidy. It is estimated that between 60 and 70 per cent. of the University lives on these aids, practically a complete reversal of pre-war conditions.

The big public schools are no longer in the majority. They are, in fact, in the minority. The growth and spread and improvement of secondary school education throughout the country has tapped a new source of supply, and the majority of the University scholars to-day come from schools which would not have been known twenty years ago.

The standard of knowledge which is now brought to Oxford is higher and wider. There is a greater knowledge of the world, and of world economic problems. The undergraduate of to-day is rarely brought up in the old classical tradition. He is alive to Labour problems, and in many cases has a personal and painful knowledge of unemployment.

UP-TO-THE-MINUTE

"It is little use nowadays," said a well-known history tutor, "trying to interest the undergraduate in the scientific study of the past.

"The growth of the British Constitution, for example, which twenty years ago illuminated the House of Lords discussions, is to-day a dead letter. The war killed that interest, and the young undergraduate now wants to be told about Russia and the Bolshevik Constitution and the latest experiments in government in Europe and elsewhere. He wants modern economics and modern theories of political science.

"It is no use talking to him about Hobbes, Locke and Rousseau. His starting-off point is Graham Wallas and Laski. Internationalism is in the air; world economics have swamped the past, and the result is a heady and confusing diet."

Most of the active teachers at Oxford tell you the same thing. The most popular school is that which is known as "Modern Greats," which is making heavy inroads yearly into the claims of the old-established classical "Greats" school and the School of Modern History.

The economic outlook of so many of the students is reflected in their work. It is no uncommon thing at Oxford to-day for a scholar of a college to be living in a bed-sitting-room, and naturally his sole concern is to get from the University as quickly as possible an amount of knowledge which will fit him for the already overcrowded market of to-day.

This dominant characteristic has been recognised by most of the colleges and has been helped by two or three results which the war has had on the whole University.

The colleges to-day take a much greater interest in the possible future careers of their members than they did before the war. There is no longer a happy-go-lucky, God-will-provide sort of attitude, but a regular, intensive, highly organised system, which watches the undergraduate from week to week, and then makes the most strenuous endeavour to place him, at the end of his time, in suitable employment.

Every college has this uplift work, and weekly committee meetings where character and ability and progress are examined and discussed.

There is far less to-day at Oxford of the old learning for learning's sake, of the traditional culture which came from the appreciation of great literatures and of the devotion to pure scholarship. The tendency to-day is to produce something practical, something that will pay, and something that can be sold.

As the Dean of one college remarked: "My pupils nowadays are much more interested in the size of their weekly bills than in their souls. Twenty years ago they were in agonies about the Absolute. To-day they are in agonies about their battels (weekly bills)."

This orientation towards the practical has been helped by the tremendous change which has come over the teaching part of the University.

Not only have the majority of the old pre-war heads of colleges and their colleagues in tutorships and professorships died, but also the war was responsible for the disappearance of many of those who would have been taking, by now, their rightful position as leaders of University life.

Oxford has had a hard struggle to find new teachers and new tutors, and the tendency has been to appoint men who have concentrated more on the needs of the presentday world rather than men whose main claim to eminence has been their scholarship.

The Senior Common Rooms of Oxford possess to-day probably just as many able men as they did before the war, but they are not so remote from the outside world and, because of their connection with it, not so interested in pure scholarship.

It is little wonder that in this atmosphere a confused Internationalism should flourish.

EYE-BLACKS

The tendency of Youth is always towards the extreme, and modern Oxford is no exception to the general rule. The old calming influences of ancient philosophy and history have largely disappeared, and in their place there is found an intense interest in the disturbing theories of modern thought. There is little against which the new doctrines can be balanced and tested.

The young Oxford undergraduate sees the world in a mess, sees Governments in confusion, sees old institutions passing away, and turns with eager-

(Continued on page 9)

The Law of Madras

LOCAL BOARDS

By C. V. NAIDU, ADVOCATE

The only authoritative book on Local Boards

	RS.	A.
English	12	8
Tamil	5	0
Telugu	5	0

APPLY TO MANAGER

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER

FOR COPIES.

The Photo News Agency

Press, Commercial and Publicity Photographers

26, General Patters Road, Mount Road, MADRAS.

We execute Bromide enlargements in Black and White, in Sepia, or in natural Colours.

Photographs of all important functions are taken free of charge for publication in the leading Newspapers in India and abroad.

A CLOSE-UP OF NEW OXFORD

Continued from page 4

ness to everything and anything that is new. His pacifism is as aggressive as the militarism of the old jingoist. He is willing to defend it even by the use of force.

In the *Isis*, the University undergraduates' magazine, a defence of this refusal to "fight for King and Country" concluded with the amusing words, "If anyone calls us cowards, we will gladly black his eye."

Side by side with these intellectual and scholastic characteristics, there is also to be found at Oxford a pathetic desire for the adoption of anything and everything that is new in modern thought. This is the explanation of that "precociousness" which has disfigured so many postwar products of Oxford.

There has always been good soil at Oxford for curious forms of æstheticism. There were always devotees of Beardsley, Flaubert, and Wilde. But it is doubtful whether there has ever been such a wholehearted reception of the modern equivalents of these curious adventurers into the theory of "art for art's sake."

It is no small sect at Oxford to-day which revels in James Joyce, Aldous Huxley, and D. H. Lawrence. Their freedom in political thought is equalled, if not surpassed, by their desire for freedom in a moral and social sense.

One of the oldest and most respected of Oxford's religious figures says that the greatest difference between the post-war and the pre-war undergraduate is the post-war obsession with sex. This manifests itself in many ways, not the least of which is the burning desire to write feeble imitations of their masters' works and to outdo Joyce or Lawrence in frankness and sexual pathology.

JUST TALK

Practically every college has a private club composed of these would-be æsthetes, and the main consolation enjoyed by the authorities is that these youthful iconoclasts rarely get beyond the practice of verbal indulgence.

Now and again the heartier members of the University interfere. A somewhat premature novel writer was recently thrown into the river, and a too precious æsthete of Christ Church was chased round Tom Quad with hunting whips to the sound of hunting horns.

But the æsthetic movement persists, and the great attraction this month offered by the English Club of the University was an address by Frieda Lawrence on her husband, D. H. Lawrence—a contribution to literary history which is to be followed by a talk on novel-writing by Miss Radclyffe Hall, whose attraction to Oxford is crystallised in the description, "Author of 'The well of Loneliness.'"

I discussed this aspect of modern Oxford with several senior University officials. They were unanimous as to its widespread nature and pervasiveness.

A worthy general who now occupies a professorial chair condemned this feature in no uncertain terms.

The Dean of University College, speaking with an intimate acquaintance of undergraduates extending over thirty years, lamented what he described as the lack of manliness among so many of the modern undergraduates.

WOMEN-BRED

"There may be," said another don, "a simple explanation for this universal interest in sex. You must remember the average undergraduate of to-day spent his early years, in many cases, without a father's influence, and in a home racked with unnatural and unusual anxiety and hysteria.

"It may be that we are seeing the result of women-bred youth. This may account for the rather feminine characteristics of so many of the young æsthetes of the Isis."

The presence of women students in such large numbers has undoubtedly helped the growth of these characteristics.

It seems a strange University when you see a girl in cap and gown and a bundle of books under one arm staring ecstatically into a draper's shop window.

It seems stranger when you see the coffee shops of Oxford packed in the morning and evening with mixed groups talking 20 to the dozen in the high-pitched, affected voices of the modern generation.

It seems stranger still when you see notices in porters' lodges asking undergraduates who do not play games to support their college sides and not to patronise the kinemas so frequently. Next to the Cowley activities of Sir William Morris you are told that the most profitable business in Oxford is the ring of picture houses!

FURTIVE

It is a strange-looking Oxford to-day —a commercialised and cheapened Oxford. It is an Oxford still suffering from the war and struggling desperately to attune itself to the economic needs of the world. It is an Oxford which, by breaking away from the old, firm traditions, has opened floodgates of liberty, which too often degenerate into licence.

It is not as if the Oxford undergraduate was a vigorous, hearty, hard drinking, sport-loving animal. That was the worst feature of pre-war Oxford. A few specimens still survive, but the majority of the undergraduates of to-day appear a trifle furtive, a trifle undersized, a trifle superficial, and a trifle unbalanced.

They are, perhaps, not entirely to blame, and if as is probably true, the Great War for "King and Country" produced this generation, it cannot in all fairness be said that they are entirely without justification, through the mouths of their politically vocal members, in expressing their determination never to fight for "King and Country" again, and so avoid repeating the unconscious mistakes of their progenitors.

BONHEUR'S BHARATH

BALM

The Infallible Remedy tested & proved by many

Price As. 10 Per Jar

BUY A BOTTLE NOW

AND

LET THE HAPPY EXPERIENCE OF OTHERS BE YOURS

WANTED AGENTS

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:

BONHEUR & CO.,

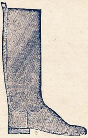
78, Poonamallee High Road

MADRAS

Branch: CUDDAPAH

BABU JAGANATH BROS.,

Leather and Leather Goods Makers



The Cheapest House in Southern India for Reliable Foot-wear, Travelling and Stable requisites, such as Boot, Shoe, Harness, Saddle, Suit and Attache Cases, Kit and Brief Bags, Trunks, Bed Straps, Holdalls, School Bags and Fancy goods, etc. etc. etc.

Apply for Particulars. Prompt attention will be paid to Moffussil orders.

No order is too small or too large.

Planters' requisites a Speciality.

Perambur Barracks, Madras.

WITH SOUTH AFRICA'S MOUNTED POLICE

THRILLING ADVENTURES WITH MEN WHO RIDE HARD AND SHOOT FIRST

Ever since I was a boy I had longed to join the British South African Police. There were men hunters, lion slayers, fellows right up against the heart of adventure! And at last here I was facing that famous Sergt. Major Jimmy Blatherwick, whose name crops up over the camp fires from the Yukon to Singapore.

"Age?" he snapped. I lied manfully.

"Huh! Straight from the nest! Right! Smack it about, Percy."

Weeks of training followed, and then I was ordered to Umtali in Rhodesia. It was here that I was first to shed man's blood. A Kaffir escaped from the gaol, killing a warder in a particularly brutal manner, and the population went in fear of their lives.

"Bring that man in dead or alive!" were my orders. "And hurry, for if he gets away over the Portuguese border we shall never get him."

Saddling my horse I gallopped off. Twelve months ago I had been clerking in Oxford Street, and now I was to "get my man"!

At last, far to the left on the high veldt, I saw a black dot which ran, dodged and disappeared. I rode as I had never ridden before and at the end of some scrub came up with him. The native turned like a flash, hurled his assegai and dived into the thicket, writes Sir M. Bruce in a British weekly. The assegai missed me by a hair's breadth and then I was riding like a maniac to cut him off on the far side of the scrub.

At last he emerged, and as I cantered up, made straight for me. Out came his knife as he tried to hamstrink my horse. There was a wild scuffle in a cloud of dust, the gleam of steel, and then my bullet took him, between the eyes. I felt a murderer, but the thing had had to be done.

"Good enough, Bruce," said the Sergeant, when I returned.

One of my most interesting cases concerned the sweetest and kindliest old couple it has ever been my luck to meet. They lived near the Umtali-Malsetter road, and farmed in a quiet but efficient way. I did not like the look of their odd-job man, who was a tramp they had befriended. He went by the name of Whitman, and acted as overseer for the farm.

For some time I dropped in on the old people and then lost touch with them. Later I heard that they were gone, and rode down to see the foreman.

"Yes," said Whitman, uneasily. "They've gone South. I hear from them every week."

I was suspicious, so a native C. I. D. boy was sent along to work nearby and investigate. Most of the old people's cattle had been sold and, rather oddly, they had disappeared suddenly one day. Also Whitman had been carrying a spade at night. At the very moment I discovered this, he cut my horse loose and galloped away into the blue, making a clean get-away. Then we searched the farm carefully and found the bodies of the poor old folks. They had been brutally murdered.

Months afterwards, I was travelling by rail to Fort Jameson and got into a carriage where four men were playing pocker. In a flash I recognised Whitman, though he had not seen me, so I called up the guard. "Any other police on the train?" I muttered. He nodded.

"Well, fetch 'em along now and hold up the train for a minute," I ordered.

He did. As I saw the figures of a burly corporal and two troopers, I stumbled across the carriage and half-fell across Whitman, jamming my revolver barrel into his ribs.

Within five seconds he was handcuffed and being dragged on to the platform absolutely grey with terror.

He pleaded "Guilty," but died before the sentence could be passed on him.

GERMAN ATTACHES AGAIN

London (By Mail.)

On April 1, Germany will, for the first time since 1914, have military attaches at London, Paris, Rome, Warsaw, Prague, Moscow and Washington, but naval attaches will only be sent to London, Paris and Rome. Later on, however, Tokio and Washington will have them also.

The new attaches in London will be Colonel Baron Geyr von Schweppenburg and Captain Erwin - Wassner.

Marjory: "Mummy, were you at home when I was born?"

Mother: "No, darling, I was staying with grandma in the country."

IDENTIFIED

BY SIGNATURE NO MAN CAN FORGE

Finger-Prints play so large a part in the war-fare against crime that most people would be rather surprised to learn that it is only just over thirty years since the system was adopted by Scotland Yard.

There has been some argument recently regarding the inventor of the system, but there can be little doubt that the credit belongs to Sir William Herschel, son of one famous astronomer and grandson of another, the centenary of whose birth occurred in January.

In a book written when he was eighty-four, and published in 1916, Herschel described how he first came to adopt finger-prints. In 1858, as a member of the Indian Civil Service, he was in charge of a district in Bengal. An Indian contractor named Konai had arranged to supply road metal, and as he could not write it occurred to Herschel to make him "sign" the contract with an impression of his hand.

He was so struck by the lines and whorls of the finger-tips that he began to take other impressions and to compare them. He found that no two were alike, and during the following ten or twelve years he accumulated a vast collection.

The next step was to make use of finger-prints in his own magistrate's court to prevent impersonation, and the system was found to work to perfection. He tried hard to get his system adopted by the C. I. D. of Bengal, but it was not taken up, mainly because of the difficulty of classifying finger-prints.

Established at Scotland Yard

When he retired from India in 1878 he handed over his whole collection to Sir Francis Galton, a scientist devoted to anthropology. Galton devised a method of classification.

In the nineties the police of all countries were using the Bertillon method of identification, which required enormous numbers of measurements and had already proved not to be completely reliable.

Sir Edward Henry, who was Inspector-General of Police in Bengal, adopted the finger-print system in that province in 1897, and four years later, when he was Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, he established it at Scotland Yard. Sir Edward Henry improved upon Galton's scheme of classification, but it was still not too easy to pick out a required finger-print from amongst many thousands of cards. In the last few years, owing to the work of Mr. Battley and of Supt. Collins, the classification has become so perfect that when a suspect's finger-prints are taken it is an easy and rapid business to discover whether they are already among the criminal records.

We cannot say definitely that no two persons finger-prints are identical, but of all the millions that have been taken no two have ever been found exactly alike. Finger-prints cannot be forged. Were they used in business or in legal affairs they would be safer than any signature.

Traced by Wireless

Curiously enough, finger-prints appear to have nothing to do with race or sex or character. Galton thought that men of the same kind might possibly possess similar finger-prints, but he found that the finger-prints of great scientists often fell into the same class as those of congenital idiots!

The finger-print method provides the police of the world with one of their most powerful weapons. Impressions can be telegraphed or sent by wireless, and often it is only a matter of hours for a criminal arrested in London to be identified in this way as one well known to the police of New York, Berlin or Rome.—"Tit-Bits."

SHATTERED RESOLUTIONS OF 1933

FAMOUS PEOPLE'S VIEWS

Mr. Noel Gay the famous composer of I Don't Want to Go to Bed and many other great songs hits :—

I should hate to live next door to a composer of music. For it must seem that the composer's piano is never silent. This year, out of respect for the peace of the neighbourhood, I resolved to keep my composing for respectable hours.

For some time all was well. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, I had an idea. Dare I wait till the morning and risk that idea disappearing like some wayward ghost?

I decided that it was impossible. I jumped out of bed and rushed to my piano. Within five minutes of rising my resolution was broken, but the tune was safe on paper. You'll be hearing it soon. It's called, "There's Something About a Soldier," and it is sung by Cicely Courtneidge in her latest film, Soldiers of the King. I only hope that you'll be satisfied that I was justified in breaking my 1933 resolution!

Mr. Cecil Beaton the prominent photographer and artist :—

I had intended concentrating solely upon my drawings and paintings this year. But when I saw my sister in her wedding dress, before she was married to Sir Hugh Smiley, I whipped out the camera. Now I realise that I am doomed to do a photographic job now and again, until my dying day!

Mr. Thomas Burke the brilliant novelist :—

I never make moral resolutions, as I see no point in making things purely for the purpose of destroying them. But if I did make resolutions, I would not make them in January, a time of year when everything conspires to defeat the most sturdy morality.

The right time for soul searching is not the damp, cold, yellow days of January, but the first blue days of spring—the real New Year; the Church's New Year and the pagan New Year. When those days come, I don't have to resolve to be a better fellow. I am a better fellow!

Mr. Aubrey Hammond the well-known scenic designer :—

My New Year resolution this year was "Not to have the 'flu," the breaking of which led to my regrettable delay in answering Pearson's Weekly's question!

The Carlyle Cousins Radio's leading syncopated singers :—

This year, with our hands on our hearts, we resolved to sing only British numbers. But, alas, most of the "hot" numbers which are suitable for us seem to emanate from over the herring-pond. However, British composers are making such rapid advancement, that we hope next year to be able to make the same resolution—and keep it!

Mr. Frank Vosper the British film and stage star, at present appearing in The Green Bay Tree :—

This year I resolved not to worry. Christmas produced so many calendars of an optimistic strain, telling me "not to trouble trouble, till trouble troubles me," and that "to-day is the to-morrow I worried about yesterday, and all is well," that I determined to let care sit lightly on my shoulders for at least a year. After all, I argued, things are never as bad as they seem, and if everyone smiled at their worries this old world of ours would look much brighter.

But within two days my resolution had been sadly shattered. For I received an envelope bearing the dread letters "O.H.M.S." . . . . . It was too much for me!

Mr. Billy Cotton the popular jazz band conductor :—

Playing in non-stop variety is such a strenuous business that when I came to the Pavilion I made a firm resolution to keep especially fit. The better the wind, the better the music.

So I decided on golf as my daily tonic—pre breakfast golf to make the resolution even more heroic. Came January 2nd. Up at seven and out in plus-fours. But in getting better wind I found myself getting in a better wind, a north-easter to be precise.

The result was rheumatism, followed by six weeks in bed, so I decided to abandon my good resolution. Since my recovery I've stayed in bed until breakfast, and strangely enough, have felt as fit as a fiddle!

Dignity—and Impudence

She was on her first visit to the Zoo. When she arrived wonderingly before the cage of the monarch of the lion house, a sudden hush fell upon her. Her eyes opened wide with astonishment—and consternation.

Then the lion yawned and emitted a shattering roar. She clung to her mother's hand in terror for a moment, and then, fumbling hastily with her paper bag, said: "M-m-mummy! Sh-shall I give him a nut?".

* * * *

'You look worried."

"Yes, I believe my husband is carrying on with another woman,"

"Oh, well, I'll tell you what to do in a case like that. Give him plenty of rope, and——"

"Yes, I know. He'll skip!"

* * * *

Mistress (to maid who has been to local concert): "Well, Mary, did you play the performance?"

Maid: "Oh, it was lovely mum, and I had a splendid seat near the Mayor and Mayonnaise."

"Electraphone"

Run by Electricity

NO MORE WINDING!

NO MORE WORRY!!

NO MORE BOTHERATION!!!

Simply plug in your ordinary house-current and it is ready to sing for you.

Ask your nearest Gramophone dealer to demonstrate it for you. Insist for "*ELECTRAPHONE*" Products. The best and cheapest in the market.

You can have from a Cabinet to a small portable in our products.

Models ranging from Rs. 175 upwards

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR SOUTHERN INDIA. INCLUDING NATIVE STATES.

REDISON & CO.,

Dealers in Electric Gramophones, Wireless sets, and Gramophone Accessories etc.,

Commercial Street, Bangalore Cantt.

(Agents wanted in all centres in South India where there is Electric power.)

AT SCHOOL 40 YEARS AGO

The Manchester Guardian publishes the following article describing a private school of 40 years ago.

Not all private schools were like this one, but it stands out as an example of what was possible in a country town before country secondary schools provided a good education for girls at a small cost.

Founded by a capable young woman and named "The High School," the establishment passed into the hands of Miss Pipes, who with her assistant, Miss Tank and a pupil teacher to take charge of the infants, kept it for about three years and then sold the goodwill for a large sum. The building flush with the pavement, consisted of a detached room, out of which opened a recess, curtained off to be the Head's private room, and a lavatory. Furniture consisted of six forms, backless, and completed with open-fronted desks, a blackboard, a cup-board, a tall desk for Miss Pipes, three chairs, and a row of pegs by the door. The forms were arranged to leave the middle of the room free. A tiny yard, opening into an alley, held a supply of coke and a dust-box.

* * * *

Entering, the children hung their clothes on the pegs, took off their shoes if mothers insisted on this, and wandered about until the arrival of Miss Pipes, with Miss Tank walking in the rear, indicated it was time to go to their places. These were about thirty, divided into six classes, varying in number from three seniors of fourteen or fifteen—the usual leaving age—to eight or nine infants. Most of them were the daughters of local shopkeepers.

After call-over and prayers each child recited a text, and it was usual for juniors to quote those of the seniors to save the trouble of looking one up. Sometimes Miss Pipes saw through the ruse, and the culprits wondered how she did so Questions were then asked on the home lessons and memory does not recall how those not undergoing examination occupied themselves. Presumably they did written work and learned concentration by practising it. A lunch interval came at eleven, the mistresses then retiring behind the curtain and the children walking about the room. Rarely—it happened perhaps once a term—the whole school was turned into the street, the mistresses locking themselves inside.

French was taught by Miss Tank as an "extra," and Miss Pipes had a pupil for the piano, fitting in the lesson by walking backwards and forwards between the recess, where the piano was installed, and her class. Model drawing (cones and rings) and freehand, from copies, were taught perfunctorily, and two old girls joined the top class in oil-painting one afternoon a week. This was Miss Pipes's affair, and the students painted metal plaques. Plain sewing and embroidery were included in the curriculum, but if a child liked to knit a dishcloth during the needlework hours she could, and everyone's work looked grubby and unfinished.

The infants did no "handwork" in the modern use of the word. One of Shakespeare's plays was read each term, different girls taking different parts. Scripture lessons were simple Bible teaching, and neither Anglicans nor Dissenters found anything against their consciences. Books were the property of the school and handed out as required.

Miss Pipes taught well if she wanted to do so, but unfortunately she rarely did want. The trouble was that for days together she would be lethargic, or half asleep, and indifferent to all around her and the children—be it remembered that two or three classes were always working by themselves—made the most of it, chattering like starlings. Suddenly the little handbell would ring, and Miss Pipes, awake and in her normal mind, was flinging lines right and left. Another trick of hers was to rush at Miss Tank, snatch book or notes from her hand, and herself continue the lesson in progress.

Character training there was none, but continual "harrying," and Miss Pipes assumed that a child never told the truth. Clumsiness, untidiness, and bad manners, went uncorrected. The proprieties, however, were regarded. One morning the coke had not been brought in, and rather than let anyone be seen carrying the bucket along the pavement, a tall girl was sent to the yard to hoist it to the window, while another, having climbed to the sill, pushed down the upper sash and lifted the bucket over.

In Possession

A man who had not been very good during his earthly life died and went below.

As soon as he reached the nether regions he began to give orders for changing the positions of the furnaces and started bossing the imps about.

One of them reported to Satan how the newcomer was behaving.

"Here," said Satan to the culprit, "you act as though you owned the place."

"Certainly," said the man. "My wife gave it to me while I was on earth.

* * * *

"Yes," said the gloomy man, "before we were married she used to say 'Bye-bye' so sweetly when I left her. Now it's always 'Buy-buy'!"

"Ah," said his friend, "she puts a different spell over you."

IN THE LAUNDRY

BY

"LAUNDRYMAN"

My last week's concluding remark that I am going to confine myself to the Chingleput District for some time to come has created a flutter in the dovecots of the Chingleput Crack Committee, and upset their equanimity and their equilibrium. This laundryman has become a regular nuisance, they say; he prys into our cup-boards and drags the skeletons out, and threatens to beat them on his stone. What should be done to check it, they ask themselves; and come to the conclusion—well we shall issue threats to the laundryman.

* * * *

And threats have come. The laundryman understands from an authoritative and reliable source that the clique which is dominating Chingleput politics contemplates direct action. The laundryman wants them to understand clearly that he is not a person who can be deflected from a public duty by threats. Evidently his patrons from Chingleput do not know of what stuff he has been made. I may tell them that he is made of harder substance than the stone which is his heritage. Those who know him well are perfectly aware of what he is capable of doing, what he has done in the past, and what he is likely to do in the future in the case of certain contingencies. They know that he will never show the white feather, never allow himself to be browbeaten and never bring disgrace either on himself or on those for whom he has the greatest regard. He wishes that his Chingleput friends to enquire about him first before they issue threats or plan to carry out those threats.

* * * *

The laundryman will not and cannot be 'gobrafied,' but he can say this much with certainty: that if the Chingleput people carry out their threats, he has got the confidence, the capacity and the willingness to return to them with compound interest far more than what they have imagined they would get. With a ready sportsmanship, he challenges the high and the mighty to do their worst and he assures them that they would learn a much needed lesson to their cost. It is a game at which two can play, and they evidently do not know that one can play it with much greater vigour and much greater force than they. The laundryman is not a fool neither is he a coward. If the C. C. Committee loafers wag their tail and show their teeth at him, he will not only cut off the tail but also knock down their teeth.

* * * *

There is also a threat of their going to a court of law. That is the very thing that the laundryman wants. The washing of the dirty linen in a laundry has its own advantages; but they are nothing as compared with a good wash in a palladium of justice. And what complaint can they have against the expression of truth! How can they pretend that their reputation has been lowered when they have no reputation that can be lowered! The whole world knows the ins and outs of the worthies masquerading under the guise of public workers, and I know more of the ins than the world knows of the outs. The public have already judged these men at their proper worth and what I have been doing is merely to put in black and white their considered judgments. Of course, I have been frank in the expression of truth and others want to be polished and hypocritical.

* * * *

I have been receiving anxious enquiries from numerous readers and friends as to what I mean by the contraction "T. P. Society." I may inform them that it is a code word which is used by the members of the M. C. C. to designate a particular aspect of a man's life. That Society has its headquarters in Chingleput and has got numerous members among whom are some of the most prominent politicians in Madras. I am told that the strength of membership is increasing by leaps and bounds and if further information is wanted I would like my readers to approach the Secretary of the M. C. C.

* * * *

The other day I happened to meet Rao Bahadur, T. M. Narayanasami Pillai, M.L.C., President of the District Board of Trichinopoly. Such a genial, kind-hearted and jolly personality people do not meet often. I used to call him Mr. Narayanaswami Iyengar. Many would take him at first as a member of the III fraternity. But in his heart of hearts Mr. Pillai is a Non-Brahmin to the core, a Justicite almost. But for the fact that he has to please the Judges and officers of the Heaven—born community, he would have been an avowed member of the Justice Party. He belongs to the castor-oil variety of politicians—a species of whose political principles, if any, nobody would say anything definite, of whose political allegiance few can speak with any authority or emphasis. But personally he is the most loveable of persons—a very, very good man—too good a man for politics which requires some steadiness, some assertiveness, and a good deal of backbone. I am sorry to have brought in my very good friend Mr. Pillai into my laundry. I hope there will be no more occasion for me to bring him into my laundry hereafter.

* * * *

This week I have received a consignment of dirty linen from Chingleput. One of them relates to retrenchment. It seems considerations more interesting and intriguing than that of mere economy seem to have guided the Presidential decree which sent away one Asst. Engineer from service. Tender sentiments, no one can gain say, deserve expression and exercise, but why should the Local Board Engineering staff provide for such expression and exercise? Writers have spoken of the romance of history, romance of industry, and so on, but no one has till now spoken or written on the romance of Local Board Administration. Let them go to Chingleput. They will find not romance, but romances.

* * * *

Next week the laundryman will devote his entire time and attention to the President of the Chingleput District Board whose romantic biography he would narrate to his readers in these columns.

WHY "CHRONICLE" ATTACKS MR. RAMADAS

A TRUE EXPLANATION

(BY "SEARCHLIGHT")

We have been noticing of late attacks against Mr. V. Ramadas Pantulu who has done real service to the co-operative movement in this Presidency. But last Sunday there was a meeting of the representatives of the Provincial Co-operative Bank when the lies of the "Sunday Chronicle" have been completely exposed by men like Rao Bahadur T. A. Ramalingam Chettiar, Rao Bahadur Pannirselvam, Rai Bahadur T. M. Narasimhacharlu and Rao Sahib Krishna Menon whose words will have greater weight than that of the cabal of the "Chronicle." Men who were disappointed and men who had to eke out their livelihood by fair or foul means and men who have ambitions to occupy the position of President have joined together to vilify Mr. Ramadas Pantulu who has been doing yeoman service to the co-operative movement. Vilifications and malicious statements regarding the character of Mr. V. Ramadas Pantulu will have no effect on the public mind so long as Mr. Pantulu carries on his duties in the best interests of the co-operative movement and so long as people who count in the public life stand by him.

When we turn our search-light towards the General Patters Road, we find quite clearly the cabal intriguing, conspiring and maligning individuals who might have displeased one or the other of the members of the "Chronicle" cabal. Mr. M. K. Reddy who has approached Mr. Pantulu to support his paper by getting advertisements from the Co-operative Bank has a grievance against Pantulu for not complying with his request. Mr. Sivaprakasa Mudaliar nurses vengeance against Ramadas Pantulu because Mr. Pantulu would not grant loans to the Chintadripet Co-operative Society of which Mr. Mudaliar is the President. The other two Mudaliars have a personal vengeance against Mr. Ramadas because Mr. Ramadas would not pass a bill presented by these gentlemen for a certain work done for the co-operative movement. A Conjeeveram Aiyangar has joined this clique because he feels that Mr. Ramadas Pantulu has worked against him, and it is these people who have come to save the co-operative movement from the alleged corruption. One might well say 'Oh Israel! These be thy Gods.' We shall examine latter the nature and the extent of this bogus agitation set up against Mr. Ramadas Pantulu and we shall show to the public the individuals connected with this agitation when the public will clearly understand the motives and the selfish interests behind this unholy agitation.

EVEREST FLYING EXPEDITION

FLIERS MOBBED BY VISITORS

METEOROLOPIST INTERVIEWED

(Associated Press.)

Purnea, Mar[illegible]

Members of the Flying Expedition had an enjoyable evening to.day when they attended the Kathiahar Pony Races under the patronage of Raja P. C. Lall of Nazergunj which was held this evening with a card of six events. The Expeditionists watched the races of Indian ponies with great interest, having won for the first time an experience of type of racing held in India.

Long before the races commenced, a large number of visitors crowded the course especially with a view to have a first glimpse of the fliers who were to attend the races. Before and after the races, the fliers were literally mobbed by the visitors, everyone of whom was anxious to see them from the closest range.

Interviewed by the Associated Press regarding the weather, Dr. S. M. Sen, Meteorologist, said that weather in Behar was markedly thundery this morning. There is a large accumulation of cold Himalayan air in the neighbourhood of Purnea. Collapse of this cold air southward had already caused widespread dust and thunderstorm in Behar. This condition in the plains has intimate relationships with weather in the Mount Everest region. Disturbed weather condition in the plains often induce blizzards and snowfalls in Upper Level atmosphere. After thunderstorm, condition will become normal a short while, until disturbed again.

WEATHER PREVENTS TEST FLIGHT

Cloudy weather, slight drizzle and bad visibility prevented any test flight today.

Except Lord Clydesdale, the party visited the Planters' Club and Raja Bahadur Baneli. Lord Clydesdale's personal plant arrived from Ranchi this morning and was taken for a trial run. Puss Moth has been despatched for Mr. Dane, Commissioner of Bhagalpur, who is arriving this evening.

Mr. S. N. Gupta, who is accompanying the party, is being lent by the Calcutta Meteorological Department for taking full weather observations an sending up weather balloons morning and evening.

MR. S. C. BOSE

(Associated Press)

Calcutta, Mar. 25.

It is reliably understood that Mr. Subash Chandra Bose had an interview with the Lord Mayor of Vienna. In a letter to a friend, Mr. Bose says that the Lord Mayor evinced much interest in Municipal administration of Calcutta with which Mr. Bose was closely in touch for years, both as Chief Executive Officer and Mayor.

ENSUING CONGRESS SESSION

HOUSES AND SHOPS SEARCHED IN CALCUTTA

(Associated Press)

Calcutta, Mar. 25.

About half a dozen places including dwelling houses, shops and boardings were searched to-day in connection with the ensuing Congress session. Three persons were arrested.

HON'BLE MR. R. K. SHUNMUKHAM CHETTI

(Continued from page 8)

better proof of his ambition is needed than the nomenclature of Mr. Chetti's residence which reminds us of the "Hawarden" castle of that great British Statesman. The parallel between their lives is no less flattering to Mr. Chetti. Both of them entered their respective legislatures at the earliest age on record; both of them are great scholars and excellent debators. If Gladstone began his career with the blessings and love of the Tories in England, Mr. Chetti began his with the unstinted and spontaneous admiration of the Justicites. The parallel vicissitudes in their party loyalties are equally striking. If Gladstone ended as a great Liberal Statesman, Mr. Shunmukham also will end as an equally great 'Liberal' in the Indian sense of that word. But there is one great difference that creates a wide gulf between the two. Mr. Chetti is entirely lacking in that deep and profound spiritualism which went so magnificently to saturate the principles and politics of that eminent English Statesman. Mr. Shunmukham is entirely of this world, of the earth earthy. Religion, according to him should have a separate sphere, if ever it should be tolerated to meddle with existence. It should not dabble in politics to the latter's detriment. He is not gifted with a divine vision of the eternal, nor is he impelled by a vague desire to "wing our green to wed our blue." God, whether he exists or not, should not tax the human brain, or deprive the human race of its precious time. He sternly refuses to navigate into the deep waters of eternity, if only because he can better spend that time in analysing the Budget or enjoying a garden party or in purchasing some shares in a profitable concern. His burning ambition is to use his talents to the best advantage of himself and his countrymen.

Mr. Chetti would certainly plead guilty to the charge of 'worldliness.' But he seems to be proud of his own philosophy which is almost identical with that of W. J. Potter who says: "It has been well said that there is a sin of other-worldliness no less than a sin of worldliness. People have been taught so much about preparing for Heaven that they have sometimes become very indifferent workers on earth, and in anticipating the joys of the future world have overlooked the infinite possibilities for good in the world that now is." Nevertheless, Mr. Chetti is miles away from Gladstone in this respect and I am left wondering if he could ever reproduce the career of the latter in its entirety!

To-day, crowning his period of youth with a grey-haired wig and with the fertile though dangerous 'fortues' before him yet to be navigated, Mr. R. K. Shanmukham in the speaker's chair keeps [illegible] balance even between youth and age. He is a factor of supreme importance to be reckoned with hereafter in the future more than in the past. He occupies to-day with distinction and ability the seat of the Assembly's President. And such is his intellect, experience and superiority that I see no reason why Mr. Chetti should not occupy the Treasury Bench of the coming Federal Assembly with equally great distinction. With a past so glorious and fertile of achievements Mr. Chetti does possess a future which is the most interesting speculation in Indian politics

NOTICE

All contributions and articles should be addressed to the Editor, the "Sunday Observer."

Contributions should be written only on one side of the paper. Those who desire the return of their articles in case of non-publication should send a stamped and addressed envelope.

All communications addressed to the Editor should bear the name and address of the writer for authentication.

Contributors are requested to be brief and to the point, owing to the limitation of space.

EDITOR

THE SUNDAY OBSERVER

Stand upright; speak thy thought; declare
The truth thou hast that all may share;
Be bold, proclaim it everywhere;
They only live who dare.

SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 1933.

THE WHITE PAPER WHITEWASHED

DURING THE LAST ONE WEEK, leading politicians in India and representative bodies in the country have given unmistakable indication that the White Paper on Indian Reforms has proved, as it stands at present, thoroughly unacceptable to Indians as a whole. No greater condemnation of the White Paper, and at the same time no more moderate and mild criticism, can be made than that of Sir. Tej Bahadur Sapru. An ex-Member of the Viceroy's Council, a moderate of Moderates and a delegate to all the sessions of the Round Table Conference, his views are entitled to great weight. As we pointed out in our last issue, all the criticisms of the White Paper and objections to the Government proposals centre round the one fact that there are too many safeguards and that they overshadow the responsibility conceded to Indian hands. The one notable feature in the safeguards is that they are formulated, not "in the interests of India" as stated in authoritative pronouncements of the Viceroy and the Secretary of State, but "in the interests of India and the United Kingdom." The comments of British newspapers during the last one week have shown that His Majesty's Government have gone out of the way to placate the Churchillian group in the Conservative Party, and that is the reason for the undue importance and emphasis given to the safeguards. "Drafting the White Paper with the primary object of satisfying the Conservative elements in England has led to absurd over-emphasis on the question of safeguards," says *The New Statesman*. The paper adds: "Although it is stated that safeguards dealing with Finance and Defence are framed in the common interests of India and Great Britain, little attempt has been made to justify the statement." That is the opinion of those who have scrutinised the document not only with a critical eye but with a sympathetic attitude as well. But attempts are now being made to whitewash the black contents of the White Paper by polished arguments and clever reasoning. Such attempts are made not by the die-hards in England or Constitutionalists in India, but by the sun-dried bureaucrats who want India to coolly swallow the bitter pill, even without showing a wry face. This white-washing is not of much importance. What is of far greater importance is the tactics of the Government to gloss over the safeguards and make the Indian delegation to the Joint Parliamentary Committee accept their proposals. It should be the task of Indian patriots who go to London to be vigilant and careful, and see that Whitehall does not whitewash the White Paper and thrust it down India's throat.

THE LATE Mr. D. KOLANDAI

IT IS WITH FEELINGS OF PROFOUND regret that we have to refer to the death of Mr. D. Kulandai, a well-known public worker in Madras. A man of lofty ideals and noble principles, Mr. Kulandai's life has been a life of sacrifice—sacrifice for the freedom of the Motherland. He scorned delights and lived laborious days for the sake of the cause which was dear to his heart, and of him it may be said more truly than of some others that his life was a life lived for others. Whatever might be his political views, general impression in Madras is one of admiration for his transparent sincerity, unaffected straightforwardness, and unassuming simplicity. Sincerity and simplicity have been the key-notes of his life, and there have been few persons who have come in contact with him who have not admired him for those rare traits. It is not our purpose here to give a detailed account of his life nor elaborate on the many lessons it has for the youth of the country. Suffice it to say that he was a great patriot whose life of poverty has only served to enhance his services to the country. As Mr. Satyamurthi says, Mr. Kulandai never flinched, and he gave of his best to the country. Without fear or favour, he lived, spoke and fought. He was a fighter all his life, and even at the time of his death he was fighting a battle. Madras knows well what a great speaker he was, and to day Madras public life is the poorer for his death. Few perhaps know what an accomplished scholar he was in Latin. Schoolmaster, scholar, advocate, orator and patriot, he played his part, and he played that nobly and well. On the eve of victory, the fighters of the battle are falling on the way, the men who contributed, in their own humble way, for that victory. Mr. Kulandai's death at the present time is a great tragedy—a poignant, heartrending tragedy. We convey our heartfelt condolences to the bereaved family.

WE INVITE THE ATTENTION OF our readers to a communication published elsewhere, which was addressed to our contemporary the "Chronicle", by Mr. G. Sri Hari Rao Chowdry of Guntur, for publication. But our contemporary was not pleased to publish it, owing perhaps to its nervousness in having used the name of Mr. Chowdry without his permission, which amounts to forgery. Otherwise we can imagine no reason for the non-publication of the communication addressed to it by a certain gentleman, who feels that a misunderstanding has been created in the minds of the public, regarding himself on account of certain publication appearing in the issue of the 5th of February of our contemporary, under the signature of Mr. G. Sreehari Rao. The gentleman wants to know whether the name refers to him or to somebody else, and if it refers to him, he says that he has never sent any article to our contemporary, or for that matter to any other paper, nor has he permitted anybody to use his name. If it does not refer to him, our contemporary could have published his letter of contradiction or written to him the name of the writer. It did not do either. We ask our contemporary what kind of journalistic propriety this is. There is another instance when our contemporary has set aside all journalistic propriety and etiquette. That is with regard to a communication addressed to it, in reply to certain attacks made against Mr. Ramadas Pantulu. Instead of publishing the communication, our contemporary has made pontifical comments on the article sent to it without publishing it. Is this journalistic propriety, we ask. We wish in this connection to tender a piece of advice to our contemporary: if it does not know what is journalistic decency and etiquette, it can take to a different profession, viz, of opening shaving-saloons That is a much better profession for people who do not know the etiquette of journalism.

Chancellor of Exchequer's Optimistic Survey.

BRITISH CREDIT FULLY RESTORED

DIFFICULT AND DELICATE PROBLEM OF INDIA

GREAT BRITAIN BECOMES GREATEST EXPORTING COUNTRY

(British Official Wireless)

Rugby Mar. 25—

An optimistic view of outlook was taken by the chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, in his speech at Birmingham last night, when he appealed for confidence in the national Government to enable them to complete their task.

"Our credit system has been so fully restored," he said, "that today, we are almost embarrassed by the amount of money that is coming into London from other countries, brought there by people who feel that this is a safer place than that wherefrom it came. From having slipped back to the position of third exporting country in the world, we once again regained our position as the first exporting country".

Over 200 new factories had been established here with foreign capital. The Government had invitations from something like 20 foreign countries to begin negotiations with them for new commercial treaties. Agriculture was being reorganised to the bottom. Farmers at present had greater hopes and greater confidence in the future than they had for many years.

Referring to the difficult and delicate problem of instituting a new system of Government in India, he said government did not under rate the risks, but with patience, good will, prudence and courage, they might be encouraged to believe that they would presently see the end of that momentous problem.

Great and beneficient change had in the past week come over situation as a result of British initiative and the visit to Geneva and Rome of Prime Minister. "The interest of this country is now, as it always had been, in the preservation of peace, but it is not enough for us to say that we ourselves do not intend to go to war. Our interests lie deeper than that. It is our duty by every effort that we can make by every influence we can exert, to compose the differences and act as mediators and try to devise methods by which other countries may be delivered from this great menace of war.

"CHRONICLE'S" DIRTY TACTICS

PUBLICATION OF BOGUS ARTICLES

UNAUTHORISED USE OF NAMES OF PERSONS

The following letter addressed to the Editor 'Sunday Chronicle' by Mr. G. Srihari Rao Choudari of Guntur has been senttous for publication:—

Sir, I have the honour to inform you that on page 4. column 1 of your Chronicle dated 5-2-'33 you have published an article under the name of G. Sreehari Rao, B.A., B.L. Several friends of mine have asked me since the publication of this article if the name refers to me. I have never sent any such article to your paper or to any other paper and I do not at all subscribe to the contents of the said article. I have not permitted any body to make use of my name for any such purpose. If the name refers to any other gentleman having the same name as mine it is a different matter. My full name is Ginjupalli Srihari Rao Choudari and I am a practising Vakil at Guntur. I request you to kindly publish this in your paper and clear up the misunderstanding about the identity of the author of the article.

I remain etc.,

Guntur, 13-3-33. (Sd.) G. SRIHARI RAO CHOUDARI.

BRITISH POLAR YEAR EXPEDITION

LIFE IN MINUS 40 DEGREES

SENDING UP BALLOONS FOR TEMPERATURE RECORDS

(British Official Wireless.)

Rugby, Mar. 25.

The British Polar Year Expedition, which is conducting Meteorological and other scientific observations over a period of 12 months, which will end next August is wintering at Fort Rae in Canada, one of the coldest places in the world.

In a despatch from the expedition leader dated 31st December, it is stated that all six members are in excellent health. "Now that we have sampled life in minus 40 degrees" the leader adds "We are ready for more rigorous cold which the lengthening days of the New Year will probably have in store for us.

The despatch continues; "For information about conditions in stractosphere over this part of Canada we send up balloons carrying instruments called Meteorographs for recording temperature pressure and humdity at all heights. We are almost entirely dependent on chance finds by Indians of Meteorographs after they have dropped to earth. They may fall anywhere upto 100 miles from our base.

BRITISH LABOUR'S REPLY TO COMMUNISM

SOCIALISM BY PEACEFUL MEANS

(British Official Wireless.)

Rugby, Mar. 25.

The British Labour Movement's reply to the proposal of the Communist Party for a united front against Fascism and capitalism, repudiates dictatorship of every sort and affirms faith in democracy and attainment of socialism by peaceful means.

NEW CONVERSION LOAN

SATISFACTORY RESULT

(British Official Wireless)

Rugby March, 25.

The result of tenders received yesterday for the first issue of the new 2½ percent conversion loan is regarded as entirely satisfactory. Average price received for the loan was 94 pounds 11 shillings 9.09 pence.

The "Times" City Editor regards the fact that giltedged market was quieter yesterday and a certain amount of natural profit taking took place as healthy liquidation.

FINANCE BILL IN ASSEMBLY

DELETE STAMP DUTY ON CHEQUES

SIR GEORGE SCHUSTER'S REPLY TO CRITICISMS

SALT IMPORT DUTY ACT PASSED

(Associated Press)

New Delhi, March 25.

The Legislative Assembly met to-day with Mr. R. K. Shanmugham Chetty, President, in the Chair.

Mr. A. Raisman,(Commerce Department), took the oath.

Mr. Gayaprasad Singh, resuming discussion on salt import duty, alleged that the Government were still hesitating to give full support to indigenous salt manufacture.

Mr. Jadhav and Mr. Abdulla Haroon, supporting, pointed out that the price of salt in Bengal was cheaper than in Bombay.

Messrs. Ramakrishnajha, Mitra and Azharali supported in the interest of the local manufacture.

Sir George Schuster emphasised that the only consideration which influenced the Government in their salt policy was the interest of the consumer. He strongly asserted that, whatever might be his private sympathy with British interests, so far as official matters were concerned, he did his best to look to the interest of the consumer.

As to the enquiry about imports of Liverpool salt, he assured that it was merely a departmental enquiry, and Government decision would be taken after full discussion in the Assembly. Over the question of salt policy, Government had always tried to follow the wishes of the majority of the representatives of the public in the Assembly, and that policy still continued to be their policy. (Applause).

The Salt Import Duty Act was then passed.

FINANCE BILL DISCUSSED

Further consideration of the Finance Bill was taken up.

Mr. S. C. Mitra moved for deletion of clause five relating to stamp duty on cheques. He quoted the Banking Committee report in his favour.

Mr. James, supporting Mr. S. C. Mitra on principle, stressed that the duty would definitely bar the cheque habit at the present time when the economic circumstances were not favourable to the banking system. The stamp duty further involved additional burden on business and trade at a time of depression. He asked the Finance Member to leave the matter for the time being, as the revenue was very small, and it did not affect the Central Budget.

Mr. Thampan read out a telegram from the Southern India Chamber of Commerce strongly protesting againt the duty.

Mr. N. P. Mody, citing the Hilton-Young Commission Report, maintained that the abolition of the duty went far enough to bring about a profound and widespread change in the economic system among the masses. Its revival would spell disaster to the masses.

PUTTING OBSTACLES IN THE WAY.

Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswami Mudaliar feared that they would be frustrating the establishment of a Reserve Bank, if they put obstacles in the way of the Banking system of the country. The proposed duty was purely for provincial purposes, and if they once agreed to this, Local Governments would always bring more pressure on the Central Government and try to enhance the duty.

Sir Cowasji Jehanagir (Junior), disagreeing with the previous speakers, held that provincial budgets were as much the concern of the Central Government as theirs. However, he thought that it was an insult to offer a paltry sum of seven lakhs, while Provincial Governments required more.

TAXABLE LIMIT

Mr. S. C. Mitra moved an amendment to delete item (?) In Schedule Clause six, which provided the taxable limit as thousand. He pointed out that even small street vendors and tongawallas had been subjected to a heavy burden.

Messrs. Gayaprasad Singh and Thampan strongly supported the amendment, while Sir Cowasji Jehangir maintained that such small collections could not be done without considerable harassment by officials.

Mr. Ramakrishna Reddi emphasised that the income of seventy lakhs under the head was not Commensurate with the ten lakhs spent in collection.

Sir, B. L. Mitter then announced the business for the next week. He said that certain members had requested that discussion on the White Paper should be continuous. Owing to the urgency for discussing the Finance Bill, voting on demands for grants would be continued on Monday and Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday would be devoted for discussion of White Paper.

Raja Bahadur Krishnamachari speaking on Mr. S. C. Mitra's amendment held that, before the restoration of half the pay cut, they ought to have urged relief to this class of taxpayers.

Dr. Ziauddin urged to make a gift of fifty lakhs of the income on this account on the eve of constitutional changes.

Mr. Azharali appealed for abolition in the name of humanity.

FINANCE MEMBER'S REPLY

Sir George Schuster, replying to the debate, asked the Opposition to consider the prospect of unemployment of thousand incometax employees. He traced the history incometax and pointed out that originally, the taxable level was five hundred, and later it was raised to thousand, and it was only in 1918 that it was ultimately fixed at two thousand. There had been a tremendous fall in prices recently, and particularly this class had been benefitted fairly. It would be unwise for the Opposition to cite a few hard cases against the measures at a time of emergency. He said that he had figures showing which class of people had been affected by lowering the taxable limit. At least fifty per cent of them were small money-lenders, who could hardly claim the sympathy of the public. He could say with authority that it was this class of village money-lenders who proved the greatest burden to the poorer people.

ATMOSPHERE OF UNREALITY

Proceeding, the Finance Member alleged that the Opposition considered the question in an atmosphere of unreality, and pointed out that they were on the eve of constitutional changes, when so many considerations like separation of Burma, separate Provinces like Sind and Orissa, and general policy of currency and federal finance, stood in their way. If all these points fructified before the establishment of the constitution, they had to make provision for nearly eleven crores. We maintained that he built up the structure of the Government's credit eighteen months ago with proposals of additional taxation and that structure was very carefully planned by distribution of taxation evenly to all sources of wealth. If they now attempted to cut that structure, they would be cutting the very root of the principle of even distribution of taxes. After a strenous policy, they were able to put the machine in the proper order, and now after recovery, there was a great possibility of expansion of revenue under this head. He was not prepared to make sacrifices, particularly while they were in an unsound position. Though India's position looked stable, it would be very long way before they could consider its position as absolutely secure.

The House then divided on Mr. Mitra's amendment and rejected it by a majority of five votes, 41 voting for and 46 against.

Mr. Amarnath Dutt moved an amendment suggesting reshuffling the scale of income and raising incidence to Rs. 2000.

Sir George Schuster opposing pointed out that the amendment would result in loss of Rs. 320 lakhs.

The amendment was rejected.

Mr. Jog moved an amendment proposing raising of incidence to Rs. 1500.

The House rose till Monday.

WHITE PAPER DEBATE

ASSEMBLY TO SIT TILL 12TH APRIL

(Associated Press)

New Delhi, Mar. 25.

It is understood that, owing to slow progress as regards Government legislation and extra time required by debate on the White Paper, the Assembly session which was originally expected to conclude by the 5th April at the latest may now continue till 12th. Members are being warned to make arrangements for stay till then.

CHAMBER OF PRINCES

PATIALA ELECTED CHANCELLOR

MEMBERS OF STANDING COMMITTEE

(Associated Press)

New Delhi, Mar. 25.

His Highness the Maharajah of Patiala was elected Chancellor of the Chamber of Princes by 29 votes, defeating H. H. the Maharajah of Alwar who received 4 votes.

PRO-CHANCELLOR

H.H. the Maharajah of Dholpur was elected Prochancellor of the Chamber of Princes by 31 votes, defeating their Highness the Maharajahs of Alwar, Dungerpur and Panna who received two, one and one votes respectively.

COMMITTEE MEMBERS

The following Princes were elected to the standing Committee of the Chamber of Princes :

H. H. the Maharajah of Bikaner receiving 32 votes ; H. H. the Maharajah of Alwar 31 votes, H.H. the Maharajah of Panna 24 ; H. H. the Maharaja of Jhalwar, 25 ; H. H. the Maharajah of Dungarpur 23 ; the Raja of Sangli 28 ; Maharajah of Wankaner 26 ; Nawab of Bahawalpur 23 ; and H. H. The Nawab of Rampur 15. votes.

NEW ZEALAND TEST MATCH

FINE BATTING BY AMES AND HAMMOND

(British Official Wireless.)

Rugby, Mar. 22.

In the England—New Zealand Test Match at Christ Church, England's opening batsmen, Sutcliffe and Daynter, were dismissed for ducks yesterday but a fine stand was made by Ames who scored 103 and Hammond. The latter to-day carried his individual score to 228 and with total at 560 for eight innings was declared closed.

New Zealand had scored 153 for 3 when bad light stopped play.

HOCKEY PLAYER DEAD

Madras, Mar. 26.

Mr. G. D'cruz, a famous Hockey player of the city, suddenly collapsed yesterday evening in the Madras Guards ground, while a match was in progress between the Madras Guards and another team. He was removed to the General Hospital where he died at 7-50 p.m.

ACTING LAW MEMBER

SIR B. B. GHOSE APPOINTED

FOUR MONTH'S VACANCY

(Associated Press)

New Delhi, Mar. 2

A communique says :—The Hon B.L. Mitter will proceed on four m leave after the middle of next mo for urgent reasons of health an private business. During his absence Sir B.B. Ghose will be appointed temporary Member of the Executiv Council of the Governor-General and will hold charge of the Legislative Department.

BOMB IN BOMBAY CINEMA

EUROPEAN CONFECTIONER INJURED

(Associated Press)

Bombay, Mar. 25.

Bomb exploded to-night in the Empire Cinema slightly injuring an European confectioner named S. Stahconia. It appears that, just as the show finished, some one from the Upper Gallery threw a bomb at the Balcony which exploded with a loud report creating consternation among the crowd. The Police were informed and later came on the scene and found a crude bomb prepared of explosives in an electric bulb. The Police are making vigorous inquiries in order to find out whether there was any revolutionary plot behind, but no arrests have yet been made.

The injured person was removed to the Hospital.

SAIDAPET CLUB

HOCKEY TOURNAMENT

The following are the Rules for the above tournament :—

1. The Tournament is open to all Schools, Colleges and bona fide private clubs including Military, Police and Railway teams.
2. A handsome silver cup and eleven individual silver cups will be presented to the winning team while the runners-up will be presented with eleven silver medals.
3. The entrance fee is Rs. 6 for each team, which along with the application form duly filled up should be sent so as to reach the Tournament Secretary not later than 5th April 1933.
4. The entrance fee once accepted will not on any account be refunded except as per rule 8.
5. Lots will be drawn on 8th April 1933 when a representative of each competing team may be present.
6. The matches will commence from Saturday 10th April 1933, and will be played in the grounds adjoining Teachers' College, Saidapet.
7. The Committee has the right of rejecting any application without assigning reasons thereof.
8. The tournament may not be held if the entries number less than ten.
9. Protests if any should be made in writing to the committee within 12 hours after the game together with a protest fee of Rs. 2 which will not on any account be refunded.
10. No player can play for more than one team in the tournament and the teams should wear distinguishing colours.
11. All the matches will commence at 5-15 p.m. Any team failing to be present on the ground within 15 minutes after the specified time will be scratched.
12. Referees will be appointed by the committee and their decision will be final on all matters pertaining to the conduct of the game. All applications should be made to the Tournament Secretary.

CHIEF MINISTER'S TOUR

DETAILED PROGRAMME

MADRAS, MAR. 26.

The following is the detailed tour programme of the Hon. the Chief Minister :—

MARCH 29—Dep. 7-30 p.m., Egmore.

MARCH 30—Arr. 3.28 a.m., Trichy : Dep. 3-50 a.m.—Arr. 6-3 a.m., Chettinad ; Arr. 11-2 a.m., Ramnad.

MARCH 31—Dep. 1.1 p.m., Ramnad Arr. 4.28 p.m., Karaikudi ; (Municipal Address). : Dep. 6-0 p.m., Arr. 6-30 p.m., Chettinad.

APRIL 1—Chettinad.

APRIL 2—Dep. 0-4 a.m., Chettinad ; Arr. 2-15 a.m., Manamadurai ; Dep. 5-0 a.m., Arr. 6-40 a.m., Madura ; Dep. 8-10 a.m., Arr. 9-20 a.m., Virdhunagar, (Will visit Srivilliputtur ; and Rajapalayam).

APRIL 3—Dep 6.57 a.m., Rajapalayam ; Arr, 10.10 a.m., Madura.

APRIL 4—Dep. 6-41 p.m., Madura.

APRIL 5—Arr. 7-35 a.m., Egmore.

[H]ON'BLE MR. R. K. SHUNMUKHAM CHETTI

A SKETCH

BY K. M. BALASUBRAMANIAM, B.A., B.L.

The Budget debate had lasted for full two …s and nearly forty members had partaken …t. It was indeed a 'very interesting one' …pt for the absence of the scathing but …arly criticism of Mr. R. K. Shunmukham, … was by accident in the chair. This was no small a blessing to Sir George Schuster who, with a smile irrepressible and a sigh of relief prefaced his reply 'One might be thankful for small mercies, still more for a great one." A splendid tribute this was and its value is infinitely enhanced in view of its source—the Treasury Bench.

Lord Macaulay is said to have exclaimed "I am nothing, if not historical." As well might …. Chetti remark "I am nothing, if not a …ancier." This is certainly not to say that his excellences are merely 'economic.' But he treads a solid ground and a congenial ground at that when he deals with economics; he is in his elements only in economics. The confidence and Cock-sureness with which Mr. Chetti criticises the financial policy of the Government cannot but remind us of Gokhale. After that great man, there have no doubt been some able financiers; but no one other than Mr. Chetti seems to anything like approach him in his marvellous grasp of details and masterly method of criticism. If Gokhale could make a Finance Member spend many an anxious night and dream unpleasant dreams on the eve of the budget debates, Mr. Shunmukham also can lash into rapt attention a half-dozing Finance Member who would, with note and pencil in hand, perturbedly lean forward and listen to his trenchant criticisms with evident embarrassment. To be spared this embarrassment is no small a mercy and the tribute of Sir George was no less spontaneous!

The Presidentship of the Legislative Assembly is a place of honour; Mr. Chetti's elevation to it is indeed a victory, but certainly not the best. Crowned though he is with a wig, it is not the Crowning of his life. The grey-haired wig is the glorious precursor of the golden diadem to come. The Deputy Presidentship of the Assembly like the Vice-Presidency of America, is an office which is sometimes reserved as consolation prize for men of high claims. But the Presidentship in both the countries is a veritable glittering prize that invariably goes to those who have not merely 'stout hearts and sharp swords' but sound brains and judgment.

Uneasy lies as well the head that wears the wig; the demand on its resources and energy would make even a mighty brain collapse. I cannot help feeling that the grey-haired wig itself lies rather uneasy over Mr. Chetti's head for it feels its present tenant far too small in comparison with its predecessors. But time shall soon teach the wig that Mr. Shunmukham's head is as sharp as it is small and that grey hair alone does not make a great man nor a heavy head a hero. Mr. Chetti is exceptionally rich in his armoury of ready wit and rare judgment. Making history from the Chair is as much the privilege of Mr. Shunmukham as it was of Patel. Surely President Chetti sounds as grand as President Patel. And when Mr. Chetti lays down his dignified office well might he sing with Milton's Angel "Now my task is smoothly done, I can fly or I can run." His task would have been done not merely smoothly but splendidly and he could surely fly (not sail) to Geneva once again or run by train to his city in the South.

There are some men who thrust themselves into politics and others upon whom politics is thrust. Mr. R. K. Shunmukham belongs to neither of these two kinds. Though politics is not his 'family trade,' yet none seems to have been born with a greater right to the heritage of high politics, than Mr Chetti. As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame, Mr. Chetti lisped in politics as politics came. With a stedfast gaze fixed, not at the academic distinctions but on the glittering prizes of politics, and trained and disciplined for politics with an assiduity that reminds one of Pitt the younger, Mr R. K. Shunmukham had a natural, almost effortless transition from his college life into the political arena. And wealth, an overwhelmingly important factor, facilitated his debut as it has done to many since. At the early age of twentysix Mr. Shunmukham entered the Madras Council and was baptised in the beneficial politics of the Justice Party. As a secretary to one of the ministers for some time, and as a member of the Council, Mr. Chetti was unmistakably sowing the seeds of future fame.

"The spirit of youth,
that means to be ofnote, begins betimes."

Mr. Chetti's real place is not the Provincial Legislature. He was born for a bigger forum. The dizzy heights of the Delhi Legislature and the more dazzling prizes that were possible in that Parliament attracted him towards it With a dauntless courage and exhaustless resource which so well characterised that wonderful F. E. Smith Mr. R. K. Shunmukham enlisted himself in that indomitable army of the Swarajist opposition so ably manned and so tactfully headed by Pandit Motilal Nheru. Motilalji played the Joseph Chamberlain to this young Smith. He was not merely admired by that great man, he always found a soft corner in his capaciously warm heart.

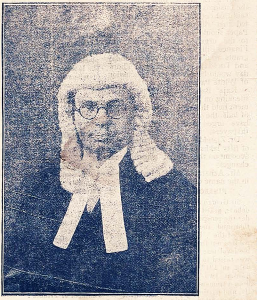
Mr. Shunmukham is one of the very few successful debaters in India who are noted for the skilful use of their dialectical talents in their political battles. I am afraid Mr Chetti is not very fond of purple patches and mouth-filling rhodomantades. As a Journalist put it, Mr. Chetti always conveys the maximum of ideas in the minimum of words. Few can help writhing under the terrible lashes of his tongue. He gets self-saturated with his theme and hence wields an enormous power in the Assembly and on the platform. His sense of language is sound and masculine and his feeling for form hardly rivalled by any. He will wear his adversaries down by his tireless attack, by the intensity of feeling and the versatility of proof. An 'Orator' in its best sense Mr. Chetti is not; but as a vehement debater few can rival him.

Mr. Chetti is no mere respector of persons. He does not give quarter to a pretender, never spares a cheat. He generally assumes the Napoleanic portentousness and and with a lofty disdain skips over the pebbles of envy and dislike that might lie strewn on his imperious route. He would laugh within himself and perchance with his confidential friends, at the feeble efforts that some pitiable ignoramusses and political mountebanks might make to blow down his fortress of fame by the impotent gale of their faint whispers. But he is not an angel of patience or tolerance incarnate. When the rabbits become too intolerable, the lion would flare up with mighty rage and would cut the poor things into shreds or powder them to pieces. Ablaze with the Curzonian feeling of unforgiving vengeance, Mr. Chetti would hunt after his opponent and drive him out of his hemisphere. Even if that opponent were clothed with brief authority like the then Deputy Leader of his party, Mr. S. Sreenivasa Iyengar, he would not spare him. Mr. Shunmukham is essentially a peace-loving politician but always armed to the teeth and when war becomes inevitable or when it lies on his way, he would fight with gallantry.

When a genius is made, they say, nature breaks its mould. And it would-be a vain attempt to bring Mr. Chetti under any of the categories of politicians we know. Among the many things he is noted for, strict conformity to party principles is not one. To know the views of his party on a question is not always to be sure of his own opinion. If Mr. Chetti belongs to a party, it is not because he loves it, nor because he finds it a mirror of his mind. He is more *in* a party than *off* it. Party is a necessary evil and one must be thankful that he condescends to give it at least that cold, formal recognition. He is restive and impatient with in the bounds set by party discipline and oftener than not he bursts out of them. Hence the paradox of Mr. Shunmukham's politics. It is rather mystifying that he is a nationalist in the Justice Party and a Justicite while in the nationalist party. But he is as sincere as any that has donned the 'Gandhi Cap' to emancipate India! Where then lies the key to his politics. The key lies in the ill-developed or insufficiently developed party system in India. Mr. Chetti hates monopoly of every kind and nature. To strike at its root is his aim, his policy and his governing passion. But he finds before him the unhappy choice between parties either of which, if opposed to monopoly of one kind is conniving at monopoly of a different nature. To accept this unsatisfactory state of affairs and to merge himself into a party and lose his personality is simply revolting to the independent nature of this stalwart of self-respect. This fact accounts sufficiently for the courage with which he broke all conventions and boldly avowed his Communalism' at a time when he was in the Swarajist party. In the course of a speech in the Gokhale Hall he remarked "I am a Communalist and I am not ashamed to call myself a Communalist. For I know that Communalism alone paves the way for and builds true nationalism" He openly hates those 'nationalists who are political extremists and social reactionaries. "Enter democracy exit Caste should be the motto of every Indian nationalist" he says—a definition which would exclude many from membership of his party. Yet he continues to be in a party for in some party he must be. It no doubt sounded the other day a fine though Conventional sentiment when he disavowed his association with any party in the Assembly. But it meant absolutely no mental exertion for him. The fact is, he had never been of any party. Like Winston Churchill but with none of his childish waywardness and frieks, Mr. Chetty had his party wherever he was.

If party loyalty is powerless over his politics, public opinion has much less influence over him. The storm of popular opinion might rage fiercely around him but it never touches his opinions which lie entrenched in the impenetrable fortress of his mind. He does not swim along the popular current to the slippery shore of cheap fame. He not merely differs from the public but at times defies it with a courage that is quite natural to him. He is never led by the people into opinions but he boldly leads them towards light and learning like the ideal leader after Burke's own mind. And whenever he differs from the public, he is invariably in the right. Mr Chetti had just then returned from Geneva and also England where he had had a personal talk with Mr Wedgwood Benn the then Secretary of State for India and had come with the joyous message of good will from the latter to our country. A function was arranged in his honour and he spoke at length about the sincerity of the Labour Government and also incidentally about the lack of representative Indians who could negotiate with Britain on India's behalf, with authority. But a sentimental member in the audience flung out the name of Mahatma Gandi as India's unquestioned mouthpiece. Mr. Chetti grew animated and assuming an attitude of challenge and in a clear, ringing tone cried out "The moment, the moment Gandhi leaves the shores of India and Concludes a treaty he will be repudiated by many." Such a challenge had been never before made by a politician, much less in words so plain and to an audience who prided in the very mention of Gandhi's name! It was flung as a tremendous surprise and a shock went through the audience. But who does not know that his prophetic words have been borne out by subsequent events. Confessing his failure at the Round Table Conference, Gandhiji fell back upon his usual methods which are anything but a constitutional treaty-making.

The spheres of Mr. Shunmukham Chetti's activities have been expanding and increasing with every year like concentric circles. The enviable privilege of representing India in international Conferences has fallen four times to his lot and there is none but feels that he deserves it all. He has made a name for himself in Australia by virtue of his outstanding ability. His was not merely to a adorn the chair with a gold-laced turban or chime a few sanskrit slogas specially composed but to surprise the representatives of proud, free nations with the intellectual calibre of India's sons. And in this task Mr. Chetti acquitted himself most admirably. "If we are fit to die side by side with you, we are also fit to live side by side with you" rang forth the stentorian voice of this valiant son of India and none could miss its logic. At the Geneva International Labour Conference Mr. Chetti has played the part of the advisor to the Employers' delegation twice, and with distinction. And his latest seems not the least remarkable of his achievements outside India. At the Ottawa Conference Mr. Chetti, along with his colleagues (one of the best-informed delegations) placed India's case with rare courage and cleverness and affixed his signature to the Agreement on behalf of three hundred and fifty millions of his fellow countrymen. India could never have had a better bargain, boasted this born-bargainer and he expected to be thanked by his countrymen. But he had to face the music of a hostile Assembly. The Assembly was opposed to the agreement, the country itself began to repudiate his and his colleagues' right to pledge away India's rights for some doubtful privileges. But Mr. Chetti was not to be daunted by this. Marshalling his powers of debating and persuation, Mr. Chetti threw himself into the himalayan task of winning over to his opinion a very adverse house. One man with a conviction will overwhelm a hundred who have only opinions and Mr. R.K. Shunmukham burst into the fray with a conviction so clear, so decisive, so burning that opposition was soon stampeded. The vague and borrowed opinions with which most of the members confronted him flew away like autumn leaves before the storm of his convincing arguments. At last the Assembly approved of the Ottawa Agreement and Mr. Shunmukham's was the largest share in that triumph!



MR. R. K. SHUNMUGAM CHETTY, who was elected unanimously by the Legislative Assembly as President

When the Justice Party was on the verge of ship-wreck at Tanjore, many were the eyes that turned towards Coimbatore for the succour of his saving hands! This 'man of the hour' would have been made the monarch for the mere asking. But with a remarkable disdain for such petty squabbles, he kept himself far from the madding crowd. And he acted wisely. What a climb-down for this Olympian would it have been, had he only listened to the voice of vanity or the prayers of some people! Rightly has he chosen to give unto the country what was meant for it, without wasting it away in the eddies of provincial politics. He always hunts in the king's forests and he always bags big games!

In India, politicians are either demagogues and popular idols or the favourites and prize-boys of the Beauracracy. Mr. Chetti is neither of these but he maintains a balance with marvellous ability between the popularity amongst the masses on the one hand and the favour of the Powers that be on the other. He pleases both without offending either. He as much disdains to throw out sweet baits to the credulous public for its clamorous idolotry as he loathes to play into the hands of the Government or betray the country's interests for a mess-of pottage or a medal of Kaisari-hind. "The sight of his name, the sound of his voice are refreshing to us." That he should still continue to be plain Mr. Shunmukham (with Honourable added now) is a wonder and that is his virtue! While myriads other empty names ballast themselves with the prefixes of "Bahadurs" and Knighthoods, here stalks the land the plain Mr. Shunmukham whose name must be as pleasing to a true Indian as the name of a Lloyd George or a Baldwin is to a Britisher. Mister is a prefix which the voice of democracy always acclaims with respect and love and Mr. Shunmukham is loved.

At the early age of forty Mr. Chetti occupies a position and enjoys a distinction with which it may not be possible for many even to end their career. When we know that at that age even in a country like England Bonar Law had not held office, and Mr. Baldwin was unknown, that in Germany Von Hindenberg was absolutely unimportant and that in America Abraham Lincoln was equally a stranger to fame, one cannot but be astonished at the spectacle of an Indian occupying the speaker's chair of India's Parliament at the age of forty! At this age Mr. Shunmukham can look back upon his eventful life of a decade and a half which would provide material for half a dozen normal lives which can very well find a place in the Dictionary of National Biographies. He can look back on volumes of speeches and debates which would do honour to a Churchill or Birkenhead, on a library of books which would not do injustice to a life spent in literature and on four international conferences and the record of work therein that would place him side by side with a Lord Hugh Cecil.

Froude's Life of Disraeli" fired the Earl of Birkenhead with a lofty ambition "to reproduce his (Disraeli's) career." But unfortunately Birkenhead could not become Beaconsfield. And I cannot help feeling that Mr. Chetti, the Indian edition of the Earl of Birkenhead is equally ambitious to reproduce the career of Gladstone, the rival of Birkenhead's model. No

(Continued on page 5)

ALONE ON A DESERT ISLAND

A MODERN ROBINSON CRUSOE

AMAZING ADVENTURE OF A HAZARDOUS CAREER

My name is not Robinson Crusoe. Neither have I any connection with anybody of that name. Nevertheless, I have been cast away on a desert island.

All the reputable desert islands we read of in fiction are supposed to be situated in some remote part of the globe many thousands of miles away from home. Mine wasn't. I found mine not further away than about four days' journey by steamer from the shores of England. That is, if any steamer ever did waste its steam in going there. But no steamers ever do. They have got more sense.

A stiff dose of blackwater fever, contracted on the west coast of Africa, had accounted for my presence as a convalescent in the island of Madeira. When I had recovered my strength, sheer boredom accounted for my attempted trip round the island alone in a small open sailing boat, writes Percy G. Celvey in "Pearson's weekly."

I never accomplished the circumnavigation of the island. Instead, a strong burst of northerly wind caught my little craft soon after I had rounded the south-west corner of the island, and drove me southwards. So fierce was the wind that had I attempted to turn the boat round, it would have been swamped quickly by the heavy seas. So, for about fifteen hours, I fled before the wind, my little boat careering madly over the sea at fully ten knots.

With the morning came disaster. Almost before the sun had peeped out my boat was among breakers. A sudden giddy rush forward, a sickening crash, and I was in the water. My boat sank at once, but I managed to scramble on to some rocks. A few moments later I was standing on a beach strewn with great rocks.

A swift glance round me showed that I was on an island. Several miles away was another and apparently smaller island. There were also a few rocky islets dotted about. But there was not a living soul to be seen in any direction. I was alone on a desert island!

Hungry and wet, I set about to look for something to eat.

A BARREN ISLAND

Now, all good novelists always provide their castaway heroes with plenty of good things to eat. According to all that I had read about desert islands in novels, I ought to have found plenty of wild pigs and goats and lots of delicious fruits and nuts. But I could see nothing but a few wild apples, like crab apples, and a kind of wild pigeon—a species that wanted catching before one could eat them.

Further, most castaways I have ever read about have almost invariably been considerately provided with a convenient wreck close to hand—usually the vessel they were wrecked in. And from the wreck they were able to furnish themselves with tools, guns and gunpowder, domestic utensils and other useful articles.

I soon discovered I was not on a novelist's desert island. But realising that I was still alive I did not give way to despair. In fact, it would have doubtless caused some surprise even to the original "Robinson Crusoe," had he been able to see me a few days later, on this barren, inhospitable island. I was partaking of a good square meal of cooked fish and pigeons' breasts, with crab apples for desert. He would surely have asked me how I had done it all.

Well, it is possible there are even less convenient materials out of which to make fish hooks than a metal cigarette case. But with a good, hefty jack-knife, and a considerable amount of patience, many things are possible.

I notched the blade of my jack-knife with a piece of flint, so that its edge was like a saw. And it is wonderful what a jack-knife will do when its edge is toothed in this way. It will saw through most things if used persistently. It rasped its way through the branches of trees, from which I fashioned a roof and front door for the rock chasm in which I slept. I made it saw up small pieces from tree branches to form the trap in which I caught my wild pigeons.

An oven made of clay and flat stones might not cook a meal fit for a lord mayor's dinner, but it certainly enabled me to avoid eating my fish and fowl raw. I also made a fishing line fashioned out of the fibres of a plant.

There were no fresh water streams or rivulets on the island. But from between two rocks that formed a portion of a tall, overhanging cliff on the south shore, there trickled out a small but steady flow of fresh water. But for this, I should have perished of thrist.

I found it difficult to provide myself with a plate for my food. Ordinary clay fashioned roughly in the shape of a plate and placed in my improvised oven, cracked in the cooling. So did also some "patent" clay of my own manufacture. This was made out of sea shells ground into a fine powder with two hard stones, and moistened with water until it formed a thick paste.

A STONE PLATE FOR MEALS

Then I found a large, flat stone nearly as big and as round as a good-sized dinner plate, and with a slight hollow in the middle of it. Now I had a one-plate dinner service. And for a "tea" service, out of which to drink my water, I used a very large sea-shell I found on the beach.

Every morning, noon and evening I went up to the highest point of the island and scanned the horizon for signs of a passing ship. I had piled a heap of dry brushwood high on this point, and I was ready to set fire to it with my petrol pipe lighter the moment I should catch sight of a ship.

Smudges of smoke appeared on the distant horizon twice during the first four days of my exile. But either these ships did not see the smoke of my beacon or they thought it to be some kind of heath fire that was burning on the island. They ignored the signal and passed on. Others did the same in the days that followed.

Days of ceaseless anxiety and distress passed by. I knew that I could not be more than a few miles from the busy tracks of steamers. And yet I was as completely cut off as though I had been on an island in the middle of some boundless ocean.

I had been twenty-nine days on the island when one morning I received the great surprise. Strolling along a small section of sandy beach early in the morning I saw footprints in the sand. Yes, they were footprints newly made!

For a moment I stood aghast. Then frantically I rushed round a small rock that shut off my view of a large portion of the beach. There was no one there!

Back again I ran, and then scrambled frenziedly over some large boulders that bounded the opposite side of this stretch of beach.

"MR. MAN FRIDAY!"

Suddenly, from behind a large rock there appeared slowly first the head and then the shoulders of a solitary man. I had stopped short in my wild scramble. The man, a swarthy, scrubby-bearded fellow, stood gazing wonderingly at me.

Then all at once I remembered that this day was Friday! I suppose I must have been half-hysterical when I ran towards the man, crying: "Mr. Man Friday! Mr Man Friday!!"

But Mr. Man Friday merely mumbled something unintelligible to me and then called loudly: "Juan! Juan!" There came into sight another man, who came ambling slowly to where we stood, gazing at me as though I were some wild man of the woods. But my gaze had now rested on a small sailing boat I saw drawn up close to the beach, and I took little notice of this second man. Now I knew I was saved.

So, exactly twenty-nine days from my arrival at the island, I was rescued by these two strangers. I learned they were two Spaniards, natives of Teneriffe, who had come from that island, about one hundred miles away, in their little boat to gather Orchil, a species of lichen that grows on the rocks of my island. From it is obtained a substance used for making a beautiful purple dye for colouring silks and woollens.

I soon afterwards learned that the island upon which I had been cast away, and the few rocky islets around it, form a group known as the Salvage Islands. They lie about mid-way between Madeira and the Canary Islands, and are given a very wide berth by vessels because of the dangerous rocks that surround the islands and extend underneath the sea for many miles.

How long I might have had to remain on the island had I not seen the two Spanish Orchil gatherers I do not know. I might have been there yet!

Cornered!

"Don't beat about the bush! Answer my question, 'Yes' or 'No'!" shouted an excited man at a political meeting.

"Well," said the candidate, mildly, 'perhaps my friend down there will allow me to point out that there are some questions which cannot be answered 'Yes' or 'No.'"

"Bosh!" exclaimed the excited elector, with withering sarcasm.

"I'm prepared to prove my assertion," answered the candidate. "Now," he continued, turning to his interrogator, ' the question I will put to you as a test is this: 'Have you left off beating your wife?'"

"'Yes' or No'!" shouted the delighted meeting, and the excited elector sneaked out.

* * * *

"George, dear," she faltered, "I have news for you. Soon there will be a third in our little home."

"Oh, darling, how wonderful!"

"Yes, George," she continued. "Mother has just got her divorce from father and is coming to live with us."

If you care to have latest news and fearless views

Read

The New Times

The Popular Democratic English Daily

If you want to improve your business—

Advertise in :—

The New Times

The Widely Circulated English Daily

Write for particulars to—

THE MANAGER,

14, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

EFFICACY OF GOAT'S MILK

The following occurs in The Mayurbhanj Gazette:

Britain is drinking more goat's milk. To-day it has reached the high figure of 20,000,000 gallons.

Goat's milk is more easily digested than cow's milk. It is richer in butter fat. It is free from tuberculosis germs Women have found that it will make their skins more beautiful.

They have learnt that a "peach-bloom" complexion can be acquired by simply bathing the face, neck, and arms two or three times a day with goat's milk.

Increasing number of small-holders too, are realizing that goats are much cheaper to keep than cows, and that they make good foster-mothers for calves, lambs, colts and pigs.

India which is a very poor country compared to Great Britain should try to consume more goat's milk than heretofore because the goat is really the poor man's cow. In Ayurveda goat's milk is highly eulogized as a preventive and curative of tuberculosis. This view is now strengthened by the fact that goat's milk is richer in fats, vitamins and calcium salts and is always free from the germs of tuberculosis. Now-a-days when there is a growing menace of tuberculosis all over India, it will be advisable for the poor house holder to keep a few goats in the house, so that he may be assured of a rich supply of milk for the consumption of his family members. Much of the peculiar smell of goat's milk can be remedied if the goats are properly cleaned and washed every day.

POLICE SLIPPER HUNT

London police are engaged on a great slipper hunt—a hunt for 1,200 pairs.

They vanished mysteriously from outside a shop in Pentonville-road, London, N., and although the lorry, which vanished with them, has been found abandoned at Rotherhithe, not a trace of a slipper has been seen.

The consignment came to London from Lancashire. The driver left the lorry to visit a coffee stall, and during his absence the theft took place.

"Don't worry any more about him, dear. There are plenty more fish in the sea."

"I know," said the jilted one, "but he was a goldfish."

REGISTERED NO. M. 2872

PRICE 6 PIES

The Sunday Observer

VOL. I | MADRAS, SUNDAY, MARCH 26, 1933 | NO. 6.

VOTE OF CONFIDENCE IN MR. RAMADAS PANTULU

False and Malicious Allegations Nailed to the Counter

RAO BAHADUR T. A. RAMALINGAM CHETTIAR'S SPEECH

"SUNDAY CHRONICLE'S" LIES EXPOSED IN ALL THEIR NAKEDNESS

A meeting of the Board of Management of the Madras Provincial Co-operative Bank Ltd., was held on Sunday the 19th March 1933 at 2 p.m. The following persons were present at the meeting:—

Messrs. V. Ramadas Pantulu (President), T. Adinarayana Chettiar, K. Bashyam Iyengar, P. V. Doss (Krishna), Dr. P. Gurumurthi (Rajahmundry), Rao Saheb V. Krishna Menon (Malabar), M. M. Krishnaswami Pillai (Trichinopoly), P. V. Krishna Sastri (Bezwada), K. Narasimha Iyengar, Rao Sahib H. Narayana Rao (Anantapur), Rai Bahadur T. M. Narasimhacharlu (Cuddappah), Rao Bahadur S. V. Narasimha Rao Pantulu (Kurnool), P. Nellaiappa Pillai (Tinnevelly) Rao Bahadur A. T. Pannirselvam (Tanjore), N. Rama Rao K. Rangaswami Iyengar (Conjeevaram), Rao Bahadur T. A. Ramalingam Chettiar (Coimbatore) Rao Saheb W. V. B. Ramalingam Pantulu (Ganjam), K. V. Raghavachariar (Nellore), Rao Sahib K. M. Singaravelu Mudaliar (Vellore), C. Subba Rao Garu (Vizianagram), K. Sitaramayya (Cocanada), E. S. Sunda (Madura), N. Satyanarayana (Ramachandrapuram), M. Shiva Rao (S. Canara), R. Venkoba Rao (Hospet) R. A. Sivananda Mudaliar, S. Arcot) K Venkatrao (Amalapuram), S. C Venkatappa Chettiar (Salem), and M. Viyyanna Pantulu (Ellore).

Before the subjects on the agenda were taken up, Rao Bahadur T. A. Ramalingam Chettiar spoke as follows: "Recently, some articles have been appearing in the Press (Sunday Chronicle) about our President, Mr V. Ramadas Pantulu. Allegations have been made by an anonymous writer that the President has been utilising his position in the Bank for his personal ends. We, the members of the Board and the Executive Committee, who are responsible for the management of the bank, ought to disabuse the minds of the public of any unfavourable impression that may have been formed. This is the first time that we are meeting after the appearance of these articles, and we have to take this opportunity to make it clear that the President has our continued confidence and that the allegations are unfounded and baseless. So far as the Common Good Fund is concerned, the administration of the Fund vests in the Executive Committee, and not in the President personally, and grants have been made, besides the usual one for the Provincial Co-operative Union, only to two or three institutions—The Ramakrishna Mission Students' Home and the Madras Seva Sadan are the two important institutions which got the grant—with the sanction of the Executive Committee. Small sums were also granted by the Executive Committee to Kripa Ashram (Depressed Classes Uplift Association) and Young Co-operators' League. No grants were made to any individuals. With regard to the alleged patronage to Sarma Brothers, we sanctioned the purchase of three pictures at a cost of Rs. 40 from general funds, and there is no question of contribution to them from the Common Good Fund. The allegation that he is benefitting himself by drawing allowance from the Bank is unjust. He is paid only second class T. A. like other members of the Board when he travels on the bank's business, and does not travel simply to draw T. A., as he has much other business to do. As regards the subvention scheme, the members of the Board know full well the origin of the scheme and I wonder how the President could possibly make use of the scheme for any personal ends. Although on certain co-operative problems I and some of you may differ from the views of Mr. Ramadas, we are in a position to say that Mr. Ramadas's services to the Co-operative Movement and particularly to the Provincial Bank are inestimable, and our thanks are due to him for all the work that he has been doing for the Co-operative Movement in an absolutely unselfish spirit. I therefore move the following proposition and trust that it will be unanimously passed by the Board:

"In view of the articles appearing in the 'Sunday Chronicle' in disparagement of Mr. V. Ramadas's activities in connection with the Provincial Bank, the Board of Management of the Provincial Bank, expresses its opinion that the attack was unjustified and records its continued confidence in its President and its appreciation of his varied and valuable services to the Bank and the Co-operative Movement."

"Unjustifiable Attacks"

Rao Bahadur A. T. Pannirselvam seconded the proposition and said: "I received a copy of the newspaper in question free, though I am not a subscriber, and I did not care to read it. Mr. Ramalingam Chettiar who is closely associated with the Management of the Bank has pointed out that the allegations against Mr. Ramadas are unfounded and false. I associate myself with all that he has said. We will not be doing justice to the President of the Provincial Bank if we do not, at the very first opportunity of our meeting, record a vote of confidence in him. The Board must protect the President from such unjustifiable attacks. I heartily support the proposition."

Mr. Ramadas Pantulu's Services Appreciated

Rai Bahadur T. M. Narasimhacharlu, in supporting the proposition said: "I have gone through the article and the reply thereto by the President. There was a rejoinder also and perhaps the President may reply again. The articles are in fact not worth perusal and do not deserve any notice of them being

(Continued on page 1 col. 4)

"ADI'S MUSIC BOOKS"

ADI
Tyagaraja Hridayam
(Approved by the Text-Book Committee.)

A monumental work in 3 vols. of about 500 pages each, size D. C. 16 mo., Superior paper, printing and binding. Published separately in Tamil and Telugu.

The volumes contain 225 Kritis of Sage Tyagaraja with meanings, short annotations, notes on Ragas and complete Swarams for each Kriti.

The cost of one set of 3 Volumes is Rs. 10 and each volume separately costs Rs 4. (Postage extra)

ADI
Sangita Rasarnavam
(Approved by the Text-Book Committee.)

This is a practical book of music containing a number of miscellaneous Keertanams selected from the compositions of the famous authors, such as Sri Tyagaraja, Dikshitar, Sadasiva Row, Garbhapurivasar, Chinnasawmy Iyer, etc., and a collection of Javalies, Padams, Ramayana, Bharatha, Nandanar Keertanams, Kavadi Chindu, Nalayiram, Tevaram and Tiruppugal and such other miscellany indispensable for every student and teachers of music and for all instrumentalists.

Tamil **Price Rs. 2-8-0.**

ADI SANGITA
Sarvartha Chimtamani
A Treasure of Music.

This book contains a number of Kirtanams selected from the compositions of the famous authors namely, Sri Tyagaraja Dikshitar, Sadasiva Row, Garbhapurivasar, Chinnaswamy Aiyar, Sesha Aiyar, Subramaiyer, Ganam Krishna Aiyar, Pattanam Subramania Aiyar, and such others; and a collection of Javalies, Padams, Nandanar charitram, Nalayiram, Tevaram, Kavadichindu; and such other delicious miscellany indispensable for every student and teachers of music and all Vocalists and instrumentalists.

Tamil **Price Rs. 2-8-0.**

ADI
Sangita Ratnavali
(Approved by the Text-Book Committee.)

This is a Music Self-Instructor. It explains the Rudiments of Swaram, Ragam & Thalam; and on the practical side treats Swaravali, Alankaram, Geetam, Swarajati, Thanavarnam and 50 Tyagaraja Keertanams and 16 Patnam Subramanya Aiyar Keertanams, with notes and Swarams. Good Paper and Calico Bound.

Tamil **Price Rs. 3.**

ADI PANDURANGA
Bhakta Vijayam

This book contains several half-tone pictures on glazed paper of many a holy saint and shrine which grace the book and fascinate the eye.

This book teaches us, all the Lives and Teachings of the Divine Saints of Pandarpur, such as Sri Jayadev, Tulasi Das, Kabirdas, Tukaram and many others. The book in your possession will be an ever vigilant monitor, preventing you from straying away from the path of Dharma.

In the hands of ladies the book will act as a charm that will exorcise all worldly vices from them, even thoughts whereof will not haunt their minds.

The Book acts as a balm to the troubled mind and enables the possessor to pass his or her days in cheerfulness and joy. A study of this Book helps the reader to accomplish all the objects in life.

In Telugu and Tamil, Each Rs. 6.

ADI
Tyagaraja Keertanams

This is a text-book of Tyagaraja Swami's Keertanams in 6 parts, with 6 Life-like pictures. This book contains 650 Keertanams. It has also an Index of Ragas and Keertanams.

Tamil and Tolugu **Each Rs. 3.**

ADI
Sangita Chitrambari
(Approved by the Text-Book Committee.)
Worth having in every Indian Home.

A treatise containing a large collection of Hindustani and Parsi songs and English Notes, with Swarams and a translation of Sahityas, etc.

Tamil **Price Re. 1**

Books on Wit & Humour:—

	Rs.	A
1. Devaloka Criminal Case or A Trial of Celestial Beings in Devas' Court in Tamil	1	4
2 Vedanta Criminal Case or a A Trial of Body & Soul, in Yama's Court in Tamil	1	4
3. Vinoda Rasamanjari by Mr. S. Anavarata Vinayakam Pillai Avl., M. A., L. T. Prose (Students' Edition) in 3 parts. Each part in Tamil	0	12

ADI
Sangita Sudambudhi
(Approved by the Text-Book Committee.)

A text-book on Hindu Music in Telugu, which is a Self-Instructor to learn Harmoniam etc., The Three chapters in the beginning of this book are devoted to explain the rudiments of Swaram, Ragam and Thalam respectively and the other chapters are devoted to the practical side of the art such as Swaravali, Alankaram, Geetam, Swarajati, Thanavarnam, Keertanams, etc. An alphabetical list of a number of useful ragas that are in vogue is also appended.

Telugu. **Price Rs. 3.**

ADI
Gana Bhaskaram
A Masterly Production on Hindu Music

Telugu **Price Rs. 7.**

Bharata Keertanams

Containing 18 Parwams as Keertanams.

Tamil. **Price Rs. 3-8-0**

Books on Science (Astrology):—

Adi Jataka Rahasyam (in Prose with Pictures of Navagrahams and their Stotrams.)

Tamil. **Price Rs. 5-0-0**

M. ADI & Co., Publishers of Music Books, Esplanade, **MADRAS.**

Printed and Published by M. Pandurangam, at the "Chandra Press," 39, Chinnatambi St., G. T., Madras. Editor: P. Balasubramania Mudaliar.